LIBRARY COPY

THE UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS,
"Maitri-Bhavan"
15, Sir Krishna Rao Road,
BANGALORE-4, South India.

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXVI SEPTEMBER 1955 No. 9

"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

The Path of the Superior Mind, the Avestan *Vohu Mano,* of which the *Gathas* sing, is the ancient way trodden by all true seekers of the Light who became the Buddhas and Christs of the race. It is a Path which we too can tread, and walking which we shall be filled with peace and power and glory.

There are several aspects of *Vohu Mano,* variously rendered as the Good Mind, the Loving Mind, the *Sattvic* or Pure Mind, the Illumined Mind, the Superior Mind—aspects not mutually contradictory but complementing one another. There is the hierarchical aspect enshrined in the appellation *Amesha Spenta*; there is the aspect of Universal Intelligence, *Chaitanya* or Cosmic Ideation, also called *Mahat* or *Maha Buddhi*; there is the human aspect, conferring on man the gift of self-consciousness, human reflective intelligence; and there are others.

What concerns us more than the function of *Vohu Mano* as the Divine Mind in Nature is its function connected specifically with man. The aspect of *Vohu Mano* at work in the human kingdom confers on man the gift of self-consciousness, with which is connected the power to reflect, to think, to compare, to contrast, to reason, to discriminate and to speak, thus liberating him from the kingdom of the speechless animal.

The power of *Vohu Mano's* ray which each of us carries within himself endows us with the capacity to ascend to heights of Wisdom and of Illumination; to unfold deeper Love and Compassion. But this can only be when we come out from among the Dead into the Kingdom of the Living. In the human race the Dead are very many; the Living are the few. The really Living are those who have embodied in themselves the Power of the Man of Virtue. He comes to abide within us when the man of sin has been driven out. *Vohu Mano* incarnates fully in us when *Ako Mano,* the evil or animal mind, is conquered; this means the conquest over pride and egotism.

The surest way to purify the evil mind, to humble the proud mind, to soften the hard mind, to control the craving mind, and endow it with some love and philanthropy, is to imbibe the Ideas which the Master Minds of all ages have taught out of self-experience and self-realization. These Ideas are great purifiers. They are philanthropists. Treading the Path of *Vohu Mano* implies embodying within oneself these Living Ideas. Plato pictured them as dynamic spiritual entities. This embodying is the true Inner Conversion, the devotee's Second Birth. It is the Birth of *Vohu Mano*, whose father is Wisdom and whose mother is Compassion.

The Path of *Vohu Mano* is the Path of Devotion towards the High in Reverence, towards the lowly in Compassion, including our "younger brothers" belonging to the animal kingdom. *Vohu Mano*, the *Amesha Spenta*, presides over and protects the beast, the bird, the reptile, the insect. When selfishness is cured *Vohu Mano's* great Virtue, Love, begins to grow within us, from more to more, and supplements and augments whatever of Knowledge we have acquired. This Love, however, does not stop at mere pious intent; it must be translated into the active service of humanity.

Devotion to or worship of the abstract Godhead is difficult; it has to be translated into the love and service of "God, our Brother-Man." Those who serve their fellow men with zeal may be said to be engaged in the true service of God. Those whose actions are inspired by Wisdom, Love and a feeling of Brotherliness are rewarded with the gifts of *Vohu Mano*, which are described in the *Gathas* as "Life-Renewed and Spiritual Strength," "Perfection and Immortality." This, then, is the true meaning of bringing down the Grace of *Vohu Mano* into our lives.

Zarathushtra, whose birth anniversary Parsis will be celebrating on the 7th of this month, was, as the *Gathas* record, in constant communion with *Vohu Mano*. He had a fully devoted Superior Mind. By its aid He had lit in Himself the Fire of Truth; in Him the Flame of Love blazed, and He had attained to union with Ahura Mazda—Wisdom Incarnate. He is made to say in the first *Gatha* (XXXIV, 13)

> The Path, O Ahura, of Vohu Man"
> That One Path hast Thou pointed out to me,
> The ancient Teaching of all Saviours,—
> That good deeds done for their own sake lead far,—
> This Teaching leads mankind to Wisdom true,
> That single Prize of Life—Thyself the Goal.

SHRAVAKA

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MODERN SCIENCE

[**Dr. R. F. Rattray** was President of Manchester College, Oxford, and is now an Extension Lecturer at Cambridge. He is the author of *From Primitive to Modern Religion* and *Fundamentals of Modern Religion*. In this article he refutes the extreme relativism that is fashionable in contemporary ethics and æsthetics. Although the moral experience of mankind is, as he points out, of the transcendent order, it is so relevant to everyday events that it cannot reasonably be ignored by modern science and its champions.

In the closing paragraph of his remarkable article Dr. Rattray raises the issue of pacifism. His answer does not do full justice to his own true thesis about the transcendent nature of morality. Would not the answer be according to Gandhian philosophy—" Let us rather suffer at the hands of the Russians than destroy them by the use of the hydrogen bomb " ?—ED.]

Although the world at large does not see it, the real problem confronting us is the problem of morality. Unless people recognize a morality that transcends humanity, the outlook for the world is dark indeed with peril. Consider, for example, the clamour there has been for so many years for a supranational government for the world: we remember the Hague Conference, the League of Nations, the United Nations, and the recent and present demand for international conference " at the highest levels." What most people do not see is that, even if agreement were reached, if one of the parties was not bound by transcendent morality, evil would result. We remember Munich and Hitler's signature to the document promising " peace in our time."

Today the popular philosophy is that there are no values commanding our absolute obedience. Nearly everybody says glibly that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and, similarly, that in morals it all depends on where and how you were brought up. Now, even in respect of beauty this is not true. It has been agreed by Indian experts on Indian art that two of the best judges of Indian art have been E. B. Havell and Laurence Binyon—men brought up in an environment very different from that in India. Again, it has been agreed by recognized authorities that one of the best books on Botticelli has been written by a Japanese. In morals, surely, Kant, whatever his limitations, was right in seeing that the moral experience is a fact and absolute. The pilot of a crashing aeroplane can choose between killing women and children and dying horribly. If he chooses the latter, the world does not regard him as a fool, but admires him. Now, science proceeds on the assumption that the universe is rational. If the death of his body

is the end of the pilot, how can it be justified rationally to give up everything for nothing? If the faith of science in the rationality of the world is justified, does it not follow that the only ground on which the pilot's sacrifice can be justified is that he survives the death of the body and can have made up to him what he has sacrificed? The moral experience of mankind is of the transcendent order.

Samuel Butler wrote :—

There was a moral government of the world before man came near it—a moral government suited to the capacities of the governed and which, unperceived by them, had laid the foundations of courage, endurance and cunning. Horace says well *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis* (good men beget good children); the rule held even in the geological period: good ichthyosauri begat good ichthyosauri, and would to our discomfort have gone on doing so to the present time, had not better creatures been begetting better...

Bernard Shaw began his adult life as a rationalist, an agnostic and even, in protest against a theology he loathed, like Shelley, proclaimed himself an atheist. But his moral experience led him to the transcendent conclusion. It makes rather sad reading now, but it is worth while to recall Shaw's passionate belief not only that all decent people had this experience but lived up to it. Attacking W. H. Mallock for his alleged selfishness, Shaw wrote :—

What does his university say to him? What does the Church say to him? What does every officer in the Army and Navy say to him? What does every Civil Servant say to him, every statesman, every member of the humblest local authority, every professional man, every country gentleman, every man of honour, gentle or simple, who asks no more than a sufficient and dignified subsistence in return for the best service he is capable of giving to his country and the world?

Granted that Shaw was wrong in thinking that so many people lived up to it, was he not right in maintaining that this moral experience is normal? In the *Devil's Disciple* the hero takes the place of a man who is going to be hanged. When asked why he does so, he replies that all he knows is that when he had to choose between putting another man's head into the noose and putting his own, he could not put the other man's head into it. In *The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet* a man runs away with a horse and is pursued. Into his path comes a woman with a dying baby and asks for a lift. Knowing that he will be caught and shot, he nevertheless gives the lift. When he asks himself why he does it, the only answer he can find is what we call the mystical one. In *Androcles and the Lion* a Roman army officer asks a Christian girl why she is going to martyrdom when she has only to throw a pinch of incense on the altar before an image of the Emperor. She replies that she cannot do the latter: she thinks she is

making the sacrifice for God. "What is God?" asks the officer. She replies, "When we know that, Captain, we shall be gods ourselves."

The most outstanding fact in moral experience is that we do not take for granted the world and its ways but find them strange. In my experience I do not identify myself with my body or even with my mind: I operate through them both, I observe them both, and I find them strange. We criticize what we find in the world, in some instances with wholehearted revolt and repudiation.

It is impossible to live in this world without preying on other organisms: we destroy organisms without even knowing that we are doing so. Now I, for one, know that it is in itself wrong to kill living beings, that it is one of the hall-marks of the really good life to be self-subsistent.

The only metaphysic that is consistent with all this, in my experience, is the Vedantic. What, it asks, is unique in the nature of your experience? The experience of being a self. All other experiences are of objects and all other selves are inferences. It would appear therefore to be legitimate to infer that the fundamental character of ultimate reality is selfhood, that the ultimate reality in the universe is Self. It follows that the various individual selves are illusory experiences that have come into existence, their fundamental reality being the one underlying Self. Life reveals that there are three ultimate values, truth, goodness and beauty: it is these (and not *das ewig weibliche*, the eternal feminine) that lead us on.

Many highly developed persons have experienced the desire to enjoy the perfect life, in which all truth, all goodness and all beauty are experienced in an Eternal Now. It is suggested that the ultimate reality is the perfect life. Goodness must be voluntary and can exist only with the possibility of being not-good. If in the perfect life desire for other than the good arises, this separates from the whole. Mathematics teaches that you can take from infinity and leave infinity. The multitudinousness of the universe is due to centres of consciousness that have desired and desire other than the good. This is a fallen world and they cannot transcend in one stride the accumulated traditions of æons, inside and outside themselves. But they may rise or fall in the scale of being according as they will truth, goodness and beauty or not. They can intuit, however dimly, the perfect life. Subconscious awareness of the whole makes progress possible. In the *Notebooks* of Samuel Butler we read:—

A proof of a higher and better world is that so many come among us showing instinctive and ineradicable familiarity with a state of things which has no counterpart here. From such a world we come, every one of us, but some seem to have a more living

recollection of it than others. Perfect recollection of it no man can have, for to put on flesh is to have one's other memories jarred beyond the power of conscious recognition.

If it be true that we know that it is wrong to injure other living beings, to prey upon other living beings, and yet we continue to do so, let us face the fact that we are not morally equal to doing what we ought to do. But this does not exonerate us from trying to live up to the ideal as nearly as we can. Are we justified in the holocausts—the killing of millions of animals?

It is difficult and horrifying to try to imagine the rivers of hot blood gushing from the throats of pigs and sheep, the sickening thuds as captive bolts and poleaxes shatter the skulls and brains of living, life-loving creatures—hundreds of millions of them.[1]

In this respect Christianity falls terribly short. The insensitiveness of Jesus to the sufferings of fish places him lower in this respect than the Buddha. But what is to be said of celebrating Christmas by the neck-breaking, strangling and dis-embowelling of millions of geese, turkeys and chickens, the shooting and maiming of wild fowl, the catching of rabbits?[2]

And what about the practising of acts of the most terrible cruelty on all sorts of animals throughout the year?

In his moral experience Shaw felt obliged to follow Shelley in becoming a vegetarian. Then he had to face the moral issue in vivisection. Here again he could find no answer but the answer of honour. Even if it be granted that valuable results are attained through experiments on animals, that does not settle the question. Socrates testified that to the developed some things are spiritually forbidden. Frances Power Cobbe pointed out that to pursue knowledge at the cost of moral integrity is, on balance, and in terms of true value, to lose instead of gaining. As Shaw humorously put it, no doubt interesting knowledge could be got by putting your grandmother on the fire, but who is going to do it? A veterinary surgeon said to the Rev. Labilliere, Dean of Westminster, "If your wife were concerned, you would allow animals to suffer pain to save her." The reply was, "To save my wife I would sacrifice the whole Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons—but would that prove that I was right?" This issue has important implications for theology. I once heard a Unitarian minister (the late Rev. Barrow, in Cross Street Chapel, Manchester) say in a sermon:—

> If I believed that God had left no other ways for us to discover cures for our diseases than by inflicting pain on animals, I could not believe in God.

It is one thing to kill "vermin" *i.e.* animals that threaten our safety or comfort: it is another thing to

[1] *The Vegetarian*, 1954, November-December

[2] Ibid.

face the following challenge: Is it honourable to take advantage of a weaker human being? If not, is it honourable to take advantage of an animal?

I am uncomfortably aware that this raises the issue of pacifism. If it is not spiritually legitimate to inflict pain on animals, even to save ourselves, is it legitimate to kill or maim human beings in war? I can only record that it seems to me to be a different issue when I am convinced that, if allowed, the Russians would come into my country and treat us as they treat their own people. Rather than that we should suffer so, I would use even the hydrogen bomb on innocent Russians. The difference from the issue regarding animals is that human beings have the power to act so that such a dilemma is obviated. Nevertheless I can see that the argument that the Rev. Labilliere used about vivisection may apply here—the fact that people feel thus does not prove that they are right. The only guide in life ultimately is the mystical experience—we have knowledge of the absolute but we do not have absolute knowledge. We must try to see our duty as clearly as we can and do it as fully as we can.

R. F. RATTRAY

TOO MUCH—TOO LITTLE

All of us can recall the fairy tale of King Midas who, granted the wish that everything he touched might change to gold, overlooked the fact that hunger cannot be satisfied by eating gold. Nature is bountiful but, unless our demands are in moderation, more often than not disastrous repercussions result. Point is given to this fact in two articles appearing in the June 11th and 18th issues of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

In the later issue Richard Thruelsen writes on "Too Much Is Our Trouble." To support its high scale of living standards, the United States Government has been protecting producers against loss by buying surplus farm products. By the end of 1955, Mr. Thruelsen writes, there will be about $7,500,000,000 of public funds invested in surplus commodities. A million dollars a day, it is stated, is being paid to store crops unwanted or unusable by the country's citizens.

In the June 11th issue Steven M. Spencer writes on the "Mystery of the Blinded Babies," describing the increasing incidence of blindness in prematurely born American babies given the latest, and therefore presumably the best, known hospital care. This has been traced to the over-supplying of oxygen to them. Again the effect of too much!

Contrast these reports with the distressing picture presented in the lecture given at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on July 28, when the lecturer, Dr. Ralph Richard Keithahn, an ardent worker for Indian village uplift, described poverty so acute that the women of a family could not go outside their home because there was insufficient clothing to dress decently two or three women. When one woman ventured out, wearing the one decent sari, the others had to remain indoors. In another village, in a time of great food scarcity, people were found to be cooking and eating sawdust. Such problems are solvable by hearts fired with the concept of Brotherhood!

LITERATURE AND SOCIAL REALITY

[**Shri Bhabani Bhattacharya** here brings to bear on an important theme his own experience as a writer of powerful and authentic Indian novels, the latest of which is *He Who Rides A Tiger*. Readers of his best-known work, *So Many Hungers*, which has been translated into several European languages, will readily concede that the author has fulfilled what he expects of other novelists. He felt "strong creative stirrings" when he lived "at the very centre of big events"—events that were "not only historic in value but also exquisitely rich with the stuff of human passion." It is high time that many more writers everywhere recognized the need to enable contemporary literatures to emerge from their prolonged erotic adolescence into the maturer and more fruitful period of responsible adulthood. "Bright writing," pornographic or propagandist, can no more be regarded as literature than a vacuum-cleaner can be considered a purveyor of Promethean fire.—ED.]

It is widely believed that reality lies at the root and in the fruit-bearing of nearly all creative endeavours today; that the current literary art, especially, is sheer down-to-earth; that the dreamlike substance so often permeating the work of the writers of yesterday might have fascinated the ungrown, adolescent mind of the time but has no place, no value, in the expressions of a more sophisticated age.

Careful analysis, however, would falsify that notion, or perhaps mark it as a half-truth. The change, on the whole, is more in the form than in the basic content. Cinderella continues to have her wonder nights. The Prince of Grandma's fairy tale still tries to create a thrill or a heart throb. There is a difference in the setting. The old simplicity that was the essential charm of the fairy tale has been lost in a labyrinth of motives, a complex of reactions. There is a new intellectualism, but it is only a veneer. Sigmund Freud lends a hand here, and Vatsayana there. So it is that Cinderella is not honestly two-dimensional, an accepted myth or romance, as of old. She is a real person stumbling through life under the propulsion of her Unconscious. What is more pathetic, and sometimes abhorrent, is that she has to act as a "woman" must. The so-called romantic writer of today seems to woo actuality by depicting in detail and with sharp photographic accuracy the sex convolutions of his Cinderella and his Prince, thus giving them roots, apparently, in the common earth of life and time. Here is an adolescent determined to be an adult. It is, indeed, amazing that literature today is so full of adolescence, preening itself in adult form but being betrayed by the disorders of which it is a victim.

This is perhaps a dogmatic assertion, but only slightly so. It is meant to counter the idea that modern literature is all realism.

There are masters of realism as also those treading in the footprints of the masters. But a great mass of writing, readable, technically superb, shows the deceptive face of the "real" without the true spirit.

Social reality is one aspect of the picture, but it cannot be cut apart, isolated, as though it were an entity by itself. It cannot even be taken out of the context of the general cultural pattern of a period. For instance, none but a shallow-witted critic, caught in the net of his own glib slogan, would indict a great epic of the past such as the *Ramayana* as being devoid of objectivity. The *Ramayana* reflected a cultural outlook which is now a matter of historical perspective. The material of this work was true for the age that produced it. More, that truth has had wonderful vitality, enough to make the work survive through the many changing patterns of culture, age after age. It would be futile for a modern writer, even if he is a literary genius, to echo the *Ramayana* in his art. The reality, the truth, would have escaped him. At the same time, to satirize such an epic, *i.e.*, to make fun of the cultural pattern that produced it, would indicate an utter lack of understanding of history. Recently, the well-known writer Aubrey Menen has done this with immense glee, to the fascinated and applauding claptrap not only of foreign critics but also of Indians who should have known better. Supposed to be one of the "funniest" writers in the world, Aubrey Menen has revealed an ignorance of historical perspective and so has slipped unawares into a kind of vulgarity.

Even when there have been honest attempts to recreate incidents from our great literature of the past ages, as in the mythological films produced under Indian direction, the outcome has nearly always been deplorable. That, again, is due to a certain vulgarization—on a different level. With all their immense resources of visual presentation, the makers of our mythological films have failed to project the reality that is the soul of art. Yet that reality has been conveyed for hundreds of years by the *yatra* (folk-drama) players of Bengal's countryside, who work without a stage and scenic effects, almost without any kind of paraphernalia, relying entirely on the simplest dramatic devices. And these seemingly elementary devices succeed where the celluloid goes to waste. They convey truth, the truth of emotion, which is the ultimate of realism.

It is inevitable that the fast advance of the atomic age with its new technology will be accompanied by far-reaching changes in cultural orientation. Even if world peace is maintained at the edge of the abyss, the economic aspect of living will be completely refashioned because of the new conditions of industrial productivity. The changes will reach farther than those that marked the onrush of the era of capitalism over

the decay of the feudal order. And how would that new age, so remote in spirit even if, in point of time, it is perhaps a bare half-century ahead, react to the literature of its yesterday?

It seems certain that much of what is true for us, in ethical standards for instance, will not be true for our progeny. It seems possible that an Aubrey Menen of the new age will make material for gay laughter out of some of the most respected literary creations of our time. Yet one could reasonably hope for understanding. One could hope that the perceptive critic of the new age would know how to correlate our social reality with the current cultural pattern.

That critic, looking back at the remote literary perspectives, might wonder about our values, conventions, creative principles. Could it be that the fairy-tale *genre* of writing still drew its zest from the muffled cry of "art for art's sake"? I say muffled, since there has been a realization that "art for art's sake" is as queer a demand as, say, science for the sake of science. Could the arms, face or liver of a man claim autonomy in the same manner, just because each performed a definite function of its own? With space-time concepts altered under jet propulsion, with the world shrunken in size and under more and more pressure to be monolithic, as it were, from forces that seem to have laws of their own, how could one set of ideas, one class of human endeavour be insulated from another? How could values in art help getting involved in the values of human living?

It would, however, be otherwise if the writer could confine himself entirely to themes related to the manifestations of nature. But he has his deep roots in his fellow beings. It is they, not nature, who give him his creative fire. Poetry may still depend on nature, though modern poetry increasingly ceases to do so. The novel and the drama, the two forms of creative art that have almost replaced the epic and the lyric, are wholly concerned with the human scene.

Dissent may ring sharply at this point: *So what?* The novelist has enough material for his needs in personal relationships, and love is little concerned with social reality.

"I shall write a story of love, just love," the novelist of today may tell himself, and one of two things will happen to him. If he is intellectually honest, somewhere in the course of his narration he will find himself caught in the meshes of reality. For love cannot exist in a vacuum; it is conditioned, in the climate of the pre-atomic era, as never before, by objective forces. The alternative which the novelist may run to is escapist romanticism. The writer in that category assigns himself to an ivory tower, weaving into his work the images that move in the wishful mirror of his fantasy.

That mirror is terribly allergic to what is dubiously named propaganda. The escapist takes great pride in his assertion that he preaches nothing, that he is not partisan in any sense. But the creative writer's final business is to reveal the truth. He reveals it, unlike the philosopher, in no cold statements of dogma but only in terms of life, rendered through the devices of dramatization. And how could the truth help being partisan ?

So it is that we come to ethical values. The writer has no reason to fear those values lest they contaminate the pure spirit of his creative endeavour. What he has good reason to fear is not the ethical values themselves but the wrong modes of their projection. Art must teach, but unobtrusively, by its vivid interpretation of life. Art must preach, but only by virtue of its being a vehicle of truth. If that is propaganda, there is no need to eschew the word.

It is hardly necessary to add that when propaganda distorts truth with an ulterior motive, when it tries to "sell" something under false colours, it ceases to be ethical and is not art either. It is far removed from the writer's technical equipment and has use only for the publicity agent.

There is the allied word: tendentious. It is a little more vague but no less biting. A writer who has a purpose—and usually it is a moral purpose—is said to be tendentious. He may have denounced injustice and oppression; he may have demanded freedom for his people; he may have pleaded for the universal brotherhood of man. In all such cases he is called tendentious.

The creative writer could well afford to wear that label. The stern realist is addicted to ideals! He wants to make life better! He dreams of a great destiny for humankind, and not of its ignominious end under nuclear fission. And his pen is a powerful weapon for his fight.

There are dangers in tendentiousness, but they are matters of technique. Art is not a pulpit or platform from which one may uphold and denounce. Further, literary art is not black and white. The most heroic character must have his feet on common earth; and the dastardly villain, even more difficult to create, needs to be redeemed by the "human touch." Otherwise, credibility is lost. The willing suspension of disbelief on the reader's part is withdrawn.

It has been argued that the novelist should not draw his material from contemporary reality, since he is too close to it to be able to read its meaning and assess its inward nature. This is absurd. The creative writer has a well-developed sensitivity, though this does not mean that he understands or shares all emotions. The things he witnesses, the things he experiences, are likely to move him more intensely than what may be called recollection

at second hand. Even the historical novel relies as much on the writer's personal experience as on imaginative evocation. Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is a good example. The war he described had taken place before his lifetime; he had to know that war from the recorded word. He had, however, taken part in the defence of Sevastopol, and his experience in that field lit up the past events. What he observed among the soldiers helped him to conceive the characters in his immortal book and make them real people. A second point is that the true novelist writes because he must. If the events of today have moved him so deeply that he must have a creative outlet for his feelings, why should he put those feelings in cold storage, as it were, and leave them there until the present time has slipped into the vista of dim yesterdays?

But, then, the inescapable fact is that a great number of novelists have felt no strong creative stirrings even when they have lived at the very centre of big events—events that are not only historic in value but also exquisitely rich with the stuff of human passion. That, for instance, has happened often to our Indian writers. War has washed over our borders and the effect has been felt all over the subcontinent. The struggle for freedom has rocked the land. Famine of a kind conceivable only to a Dante's imagination has actually taken place. The tragedies of partition have been beyond anything that a writer could "invent." But where is the creative expression of all these happenings? It would be somewhat odd to say that the writers have been too dazed by recent history to make it their material. In contrast, the two world wars are adequately reflected in the best literature of the West: the writers have lived through history undazed.

How shall we explain this? It would not be true to say that our writers lack the necessary awareness. Certain æsthetic conceptions, it seems to me, have been the deterrent. Indian writing has suffered from these false conceptions in a greater measure than is generally realized. The fields of art have lain fallow in the farther reaches, beyond the limited range of mental horizons.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

NATURE GOES ON STRIKE

[**Mr. Roy Bridger** is known to our readers for his many refreshing articles that reflect the cool common sense of the countryside. It is indeed alarming that, though even Nature is now "going on strike," *Homo Sapiens* still appears to be asleep. Will he wake up in time to avert the terrible danger that today faces the whole world?—Ed.]

Probably most farmers have reflected at some time or other that if *they* could only go on strike it would teach the townsfolk a lesson. But farmers are one of those groups for whom there is no escape. Since the terms of their contract with Nature are set in advance there is nothing to be gained by flinging down their tools and marching out. Almost invariably they feel themselves to be already behind schedule; to impose on their own struggle the prospect of coming back to weed-choked fields and the rotting corpses of their livestock is out of the question.

The farmer is only in a limited sense his own master. Although in his dealings with his fellow men he acts as a full contractor, in his relationship with Nature his status is subordinate. Nature has been called the supreme farmer, *i.e.*, the one who knows the rules of the game better than the rest. She could also be called the super-farmer. Man can farm with Nature, by acquiring acute perception of the way in which the earth's formative agencies are developing, and by merging his lesser efforts with the requirements of the environment. But if he tries to farm against Nature he is doomed.

This is not to say that mankind is obliged to submit to every whim of Nature, like a cork on the ocean. To be able to foresee a certain situation while it is still developing is one of the arts of life. The financier cultivates it by studying the share market, the statesman by feeling the pulse of the people. The individual farmer too can form an impression of what sort of season it is likely to be, and which crops have the best chances of success. But the farming man—and here the term is broadened to include all human beings, since everyone survives only by farming, directly or indirectly—has only in recent times, and only in glimpses at that, had the wit to see where his world-wide activities were taking him, whether on balance they were with or against Nature.

One primeval hunter with his kill is no more than a formless speck on the canvas of history. But with the emergence of a whole race of hunters their combined elimination of the more vulnerable fauna assumes a definite pattern. One early nomad with his few sheep gains some brief advantage from the herbage he encounters, and then disappears without perceptible trace

beyond the skyline. There come thousands upon thousands of his uncaring kind—and ugly scars of erosion begin to appear on the earth's face. The first settler ever to fell a tree little imagined that he was contravening Nature's policy of providing forest cover for her depositories of future life—the precious layers of topsoil. He had little need to, until complete forests began to be obliterated, and the bush which succeeded them deteriorated into savannah, and that into whirling sand dunes, and so back to the original floor of rock ledges. At no point in the process is the shifting cultivator mindful of a *developing situation*. It takes great wisdom to achieve the social conditions favourable to good husbandry, and very few peoples have set themselves to master so difficult an art.

Although the principles of good husbandry are more generally understood today, we seem to be no nearer achieving the ideal social conditions in which they can be fostered. Cash-crop farming, with its maximum pressure on soil fertility, is now almost universal, and under present economic conditions it is almost impossible for the individual farmer to practise methods which are perfectly sound from the ecological point of view. As one instance may be quoted a masterly article on "Biology and Land Use in East Africa" by Professor W. H. Pearsall in a recent issue of *New Biology*. He holds that in this area, under present hydrological conditions, at least 30 per cent of the land should be under forest. At the same time wide-spread protein-deficiency diseases among Africans indicate that the growing of commercial crops such as cotton and coffee is making a difficult problem even more difficult. It is sufficient to say that it is a problem which is parallelled in many other parts of the world.

The lesson, Professor Pearsall thinks, is that the outworn political approach should be discarded in favour of biological necessities. A recent report from Nairobi, however, offers little ground for hoping that changes in outlook are contemplated. Changes in political method, yes. The Kikuyu, who have preferred to live as family units, are now being moved into formal villages with named streets and numbered huts. A system of moats and stockades reflects the original military purpose of the new village pattern, while compulsory unpaid communal labour, obligatory for five days a week, permits little time for subsistence farming even if land were available.

When a society breaks down as badly as the Kikuyu have done, unique opportunities are provided for inspired leadership against the common enemies of mankind—the suffocating desert creeping nearer every year, the menace of drought, of shrinking soil fertility and general biological impoverishment. The white race, which possesses the

military advantage, should by now have realized that there are no advantages to be won for anyone when Nature turns hostile.

There are some who maintain that the "balance of Nature" can be upset on a much bigger scale than hitherto without serious consequences. It would be comforting to think so. But it is curious how unpleasant situations do develop, and with cumulative effect. In South Africa, where shelter for birds and small animals was destroyed over large areas in the interests of sheep-farming, the jackal, deprived of its natural food, has become the master sheep-thief of the century. Now the farmer is being told that he will have to set aside areas of his farm, and possibly even provide cover and water, for the smaller kinds of wild life. In the United States of America, where soil erosion has been spectacular, the pioneer efforts of the Soil Conservation Service have done much to eliminate wasteful methods of farming. But the S.C.S. recognizes the need for wild-life conservation as well. It maintains that nearly every farm has acreage that should be planted with trees, to provide fuel and timber and to furnish suitable cover for the appropriate fauna. Even marshes can be improved to provide breeding and resting sites for waterfowl.

In short, pursuance of correct husbandry would lead us, not to some strange futuristic landscape of concrete and steel, but to one not very different in essentials from the one we first inherited.

In the meantime, unless the nations of the world can promote international discussions resulting in effective legislation on vital biological dangers, there is little hope of escape from the consequences of the cumulative actions of present and previous generations. For Nature is going on strike! Farmers are becoming aware of this directly, the general public indirectly, the most apparent manifestation being the practically universally experienced weather deterioration. It is significant that a suggestion has recently been put forward in the House of Commons that an insurance scheme should be introduced to cover the increasingly disastrous vagaries of the weather. The plan was turned down—but the disasters continue.

Certain "authorities" have claimed that atomic explosions have no effect on the weather. How monstrously improbable! Every fall of a leaf, every flight of a sparrow, has an effect on the weather. Dr. Charles-Noel Martin, the French nuclear physicist, believes that the unprecedented rainfall of the last few years has been caused by atomic explosions, and that all such rain is slightly acid. Dust from atomic explosions is also veiling the earth from the sun's rays, he thinks, and thus agricultural conditions are being endangered. The conditions

to which human life has slowly adapted itself have been changed; indeed the danger limit, he warned the Academy, may already have been passed.

A few weeks later it was announced that France was considering making atomic bombs. A decision to go ahead, it was argued, would be a sign of strength...

Britain, too, is seeking the "strength" of universal annihilation of protoplasm. Officials are in consultation with Australian authorities on the possibility of further trials. It was recently disclosed that Britain has discovered a much cheaper means of producing heavy water. This is used in the production of lithium deuteride, an essential component of the hydrogen bomb. And now even Israel has burst through to a method of producing heavy water cheaply. American expeditions, stemming from controversy over Pacific testing-grounds, are heading for the Antarctic, even as the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* admits that scientists do not know how to deal with radioactive dust:—

> To permit mankind to stumble, without realizing all possible consequences, on to a course of action which may end in a slow but irreparable decay of the human race constitutes the gravest moral responsibility any man or group of men can conceivably undertake.

In spite of the politicians and the militarists, not everyone is persuaded that a nuclear arms race is the greatest show of strength in which the human species can indulge. "Would a few miserable survivors be glad they had saved posterity from communism?" asks a correspondent in *The Manchester Guardian*. "Better that my descendants should be flattened and cramped under the pressure of thought-control," declares another (though he is not convinced they would be), "than suffer from the effects of a high level of radioactivity. There is more future in it."

Yet, if there is to be any future at all, it is becoming terrifyingly apparent that saving the setting of human endeavour must very quickly become the dominating preoccupation of mankind. Otherwise the vitalizing factors in the whole of the biosphere may one after the other be withdrawn from commission; not only those external to man, such as the dynamic fertility of the soil and the suitability of the atmosphere, but also the internal forces which maintain his own bodily structure in equilibrium.

ROY BRIDGER

THREE INDIAN METAPHORS

[**Durgadas B. Advani**, an engineer and architect by profession, is active in social and educational service. He was a member of the old legislative council (1923–26), representing Karachi, and was that city's Mayor in 1937–38. He has made Bombay his home since 1948. He is the Chairman of the Jai Hind College Board and is rendering service to his displaced co-citizens from Pakistan.—ED.]

The metaphor is freely used in Indian Scriptures. It serves as an embellishment to the writings and enhances their literary effect. But it is also a comparison with the phenomena of nature or activities on the physical plane, made to illustrate an abstruse idea. Apart from its literary merit, it serves the purpose of enabling the man of ordinary intellect to understand more easily the abstruse ideas propounded. A study of selected metaphors would, I feel, be interesting. In this article I propose to give three fine examples of metaphor: from the *Bhagavad-Gita,* from the *Katha-Upanishad* and from the *Jap Sahib,* the first of the Sikh scriptures.

Let us now go to the metaphors I have selected.

I

In the fifteenth discourse of the *Bhagavad-Gita* we have a beautiful metaphorical presentation of Life in the *Ashwattha* tree, the leaves of which are said to be hymns. He who knows it is a Knower of the Vedas. The roots of the tree are said to be above and it grows downwards. The branches spread out both downwards and upwards, and are nourished by the qualities (*gunas*). The objects of the senses are the buds. The roots "which ramify below in the regions of mankind" are the bonds of Karma in the world of men.

As the tree originates in Deity, its roots are said to be above. As it extends into the world, it is said to grow downwards. From another point of view, it may be said that in his past lives man has set up causes which produce their reactions in his present life. The causes set up (the roots), being super-physical, are said to be above, and the reactions (the branches, leaves and the out-growing buds) are said to be below, *i.e.*, on the physical plane. The buds, the objects of the senses, are the worldly desires and ambitions to which the reactions give rise, which keep human beings continually absorbed.

It is not possible for the vast majority of persons to know the form and origin of this tree. He who treads steadily, undeluded by the objects of the senses, on the path of the Eternal reaches the ultimate Reality and becomes a Knower of the Vedas. The Vedas, which are said to contain revealed

knowledge of life, are in the form of hymns (the leaves of the tree).

The branches are said to get their nourishment from the qualities (*gunas*): *Sattva* (truth and purity), *Rajas* (the active principle) and *Tamas* (inertia and darkness). One or another of these qualities is predominant in each individual and governs the actions of his life. The man who is unaffected by the objects of the senses and uses the unswerving weapon of non-attachment is said to be able to cut down this strongly-rooted tree and becomes free from the bonds of action.

How to reach the stage of non-attachment is the highest secret which the Great Teachers of the world have unfolded. In the *Bhagavad-Gita,* having in the various discourses shown to Arjuna the different methods of *yoga,* Sri Krishna tells him at the end of the eighteenth, the last, discourse, "Abandoning all duties (*dharmas*), come unto me alone for shelter." This is the last stage, in which a man has to detach himself even from his duties, be entirely free from the bonds of action, and be completely united to God.

Here we have a beautiful, comprehensive presentation of life in the form of a tree. The idea underlying it is that of Karma, of actions and the resulting reactions. Man is said to be the architect of his own life. Yet, paradoxical as it may appear, he is bound down by the reactions to his own doings of past lives, and one of the effective methods of undoing the effect of these reactions is to attain the state of non-attachment.

II

The *Katha Upanishad* has the following metaphor for the Self and the body.

Self rides in the chariot of the body; intellect is the firm-footed charioteer, the discursive mind the reins. Senses are the horses, objects of desire the roads.

When Self is joined to the body, the mind and the senses, none but the Self has joy. When a man lacks steadiness and is unable to control the mind, the senses are unmanageable horses. If he is able to control his mind, they are manageable horses. He who is able to control his mind (having pulled up the reins of the horses) reaches the end of his journey and there finds the Supreme Spirit.

Above the senses are the objects of desire; above the objects, the mind; above the mind, intellect; above the intellect, the manifest nature; and, above the manifest nature, the unmanifest Deity; beyond It there is nothing.

The wise man would lose his speech in the mind, mind in the intellect, intellect in nature and nature in God, and so would find peace. He who thus knows the soundless, odourless, tasteless, intangible, formless, undecaying, unchangeable Reality becomes free from death.

Should the charioteer be able to keep the horses (the senses) under control by skilful handling of the reins, the chariot will reach the end of the journey, where the Self will find the Living Reality that is God.

On the other hand, if he is unable to control the horses, the chariot will not reach the end of the journey. It will remain in the middle of the road (the objects of the senses, which will keep the Spirit of the individual absorbed).

In this metaphor we have a well-conceived comparison drawn from life, showing the way of obtaining mastery over the senses, of realizing the Self.

III

The Jap Sahib is not as familiar as the *Gita* and the *Upanishads*, but it deserves to be. The script and style are as simple as its clear ethical teaching. The beauty of its devotional appeal, its philosophical approach and its emphasis on ethical standards—all in verse properly set to Indian music—have not been sufficiently appreciated. The metaphor I have selected from this Sikh scripture shows Guru Nanak's great keenness of thought, for in it he puts into a few lines a complete code of human conduct.

In the 39th, the last, *pauri* (verse) of the *Jap Sahib* Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion, has given the following metaphorical presentation of an ethical code for man's conduct in this life.

Patience and self-poise is the goldsmith, continence and self-control the forge, Higher Wisdom the anvil. Scriptures are the goldsmith's hammer (for giving shape), love and sacrifice the fire, fear of God the bellows with which to kindle the fire. Put *ambrit* (the holy liquid) in the crucible of the loving desire for God, and you get a precious ornament in the form of *Shabda* (the Eternal Word).

The practice of self-control and continence enables a man of self-poise to regulate his life in thought, word and deed. Hence they are the forge in which a man forges, so to say, his thoughts, words and deeds. A study of the scriptures will provide the knowledge with which to hammer into shape his actions on the anvil of Higher Wisdom.

Eternal love, when it gives rise to the will to sacrifice, provides the fire, and the fear of God (the knowledge that He is present everywhere) keeps love kindled, as the bellows a fire.

All this presupposes a longing for the Eternal. This is the crucible in which has to be poured the holy liquid of Its Name. As a result we get the imperishable ornament of the Eternal Word. Then a man hears the Eternal Sound, the Voice of the Silence.

The actual word used for self-control and continence in the text

is *jat*. There is no corresponding word for it in the English language, but the man who is able to practise *jat* would have mastery over his senses and be unaffected by his surroundings.

If we contemplate together the images in these three metaphors, we get some idea of the Life Eternal. We learn how to practise the *Yoga* of self-subdual and to have mastery over the senses and to get free from the moulding of desire. We learn also how to be released from the bonds of action by attaining the stage of complete non-attachment, so that the Spirit of the individual, *Jivatma*, may know himself as the *Purushottama*, the Supreme Man.

These three metaphors have been selected from the scriptures of India. The metaphor, however, is also used freely in the secular literature of India. It is used equally in the scriptures and literatures of other countries and the selection and compilation of the characteristic metaphors used by the writers of different countries would be a fascinating study. The thinkers and writers of all countries have put before mankind their views on the realities of life in many ways—in the form of religious scriptures, of philosophical thought, of dramatic compositions or of fiction. When a study is made of the metaphorical presentation of the thoughts of the various writers in a compilation of the kind suggested above, it should show the unity of thought underlying the different garbs in which their expositions of the great truths of life are clothed. Although each of them emphasizes and brings out the aspects of truth peculiar to his own particular culture, a basic unity of thought underlying them all will clearly be seen, since, in the ultimate analysis, the Truth of the Living Reality is the same everywhere.

DURGADAS B. ADVANI

SAYINGS

What do we ever have to face except ourselves?
Flattery precludes friendship.
Remember the good. The bad is not worth remembering.
Cruelty is the only crime.
We suffer when our ideas are inadequate to a situation.
False values are luxuries which only the very rich can afford.
Hatred is helpless. We do not hate what we can use constructively.
Without friction there is no ignition; without ignition, no illumination.
The sole source of all energy is human emotion.
Courtesy costs nothing.

AVOR

ORIENTAL CARPETS AS A TWENTIETH-CENTURY SYMBOL

[There are thought-quickening suggestions in this study by **Mr. Herbert Howarth,** former Director of the National Book League, England, of the symbolic role of Oriental carpets in the West. He writes with a mature and infectious enthusiasm, and combines the discernment of a connoisseur with the sensitivity of a true æsthete. He shares what he regards as the secret of the Oriental rug—"the smile of pleasure, free from melancholy, free from malice, human and loving." He generously expresses the hope that Oriental carpets will help the Western man to find the Asia in himself by appreciating the Asian harmony with nature.—ED.]

Asia's hand-woven rugs and carpets, from Anatolia, the Caucasus, Persia, India, China, or the interior of Turkestan, are wide-spread through Europe and the English-speaking world. In Britain they are to be found in mansions, in rectories and small parsonages, in suburban villas, in modern flats. In America, while there is a popular preference for covering the floor all over with a machine-made carpet, since that complete covering gives a protection against winter's cold, there are yet many collectors of Oriental rugs and many amateurs who delight in their colours. To the remote farmsteads in Australia and different parts of Africa the bright carpets of Asia are carried by dealers who, coming to areas where money is plentiful but goods few, find a ready welcome. It is true that in all these places and elsewhere there are owners of lovely rugs who do not know what they possess and perhaps have never had their eyes opened to the colours and designs of the Oriental weaves —who have not yet learned to "read" the language of the ancient handloom.

But once a Westerner's attention has been drawn to the special nature of the Oriental rug, and he has taken the first step toward seeing the patterns, he has entered on an experience that can become, and often does become, as significant as the experience of music, of ballet, of poetry, or of the anthropological and sociological sciences. Indeed, the æsthetic impact of the Oriental rug has been so resounding that the expressions "Persian rug" and "Chinese rug" carry suggestions and associations even for those who cannot identify the objects themselves; the very names inspire a sense of awe and provoke sensations rich beyond the ordinary.

It is only comparatively recently, in the last sixty-five years, that a literature concerning Oriental rugs and carpets has grown up in the West. Nor is it an extensive literature. It will only fill one or at most two rows on a bookshelf; on

the other hand, the bookshelf should be of some depth, for the volumes include elephant folios. Normally these books are read by the amateur of antiques, the specialist in the study of textiles, or the student of the Orient. But they should also be read by every student of social and cultural history who is interested in the vitally important question of what the East and the West give each other and can give each other.

In fact, the very date at which this literature begins to appear offers a clue to the character of the Western delight and awe at the hand-woven rug. It is generally agreed that the efflorescence of European interest in Oriental carpets dates from 1891. In that year there was a great Carpet Exhibition in Vienna. Reviewing this event nineteen years later, an eccentric but not entirely negligible observer, Sydney Humphries, wrote that, by virtue of it, "our homely and domestic article of 'commerce' was lifted from its more or less despised position to the realms of the artistic curio."

There had been pioneer books which preceded the Vienna Exhibition, notably a work published in 1882 by the London dealer, Vincent J. Robinson. From 1891 onwards, however, there is a conspicuous impetus. In 1893, Edward Stebbing gave an account of the famous Ardebil carpet. In 1892 Vincent Robinson published a new series of coloured reproductions of designs from Eastern carpets, accompanied by his typically opinionated, even ungrammatical, yet often poetic and illuminating commentaries. In 1896 the Austrian Commercial Museum issued, as the sequel to the 1891 Exhibition, a magnificent descriptive volume on Oriental carpets.

From that time onward, though the flow has never been abundant—for the high cost of production of such books precludes that—it has been constant. Now, what line of development runs parallel with this? Let us consider some of the outstanding publications of the nineties. Two works which have moulded the twentieth-century mind belong to that decade: Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough,* published in 1890, and Sigmund Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams,* meditated in 1896, written down in 1898, and published in 1900. With these works, and all the exploration of the mind of the individual and of the nature of society that followed them, came an intense recognition that technical civilization had brought losses in its train. Thereafter the more that writers, artists and musicians, as the advance guard of the public, became aware of the psychic defects of technological man, the more urgently they attempted to recover the lost virtues of spontaneity, rhythm and delight. The last sixty years of Western art can be summarized as a search for the rhythms of the seasons and nature, such as

we associate with folk music, folk dance, the rituals of birth, initiation, fertility and death. It is to this movement, this cultural drive, that the literature of the Oriental carpet, with the corresponding acceptance in all the auction marts of the West of the carpets themselves as treasures, belongs.

Perhaps we may look a little more closely at the literature. The books concerned may be roughly divided into three kinds. First, there are the works of scholars and museum officials, in whom the bias is in favour of the description of the masterpieces of the carpet weaving of the past: those score or so of masterpieces which are sparsely shared among the museums of the world, and from which the whole history of carpets as a palace art is precariously deduced. Arthur Upham Pope's scintillating chapter in his *Introduction to Persian Art* is typical of this group of writing. While he is prompt to acknowledge the artistic superiority of modern Oriental carpets over anything produced in the West, his outlook is nevertheless nostalgic, since for him all the work, and even the very best work, of the last hundred years or more is nothing but a faint echo of the combined achievements of master-painters and master-weavers who served emperors long ago.

Secondly, there are books where the emphasis is mainly on materials, method and technique, and the immediate object is to tell the amateur buyer or admirer of the provenience of various weaves. For this purpose they classify the sizes, functions and designs of the pieces, the fabrics and dyes used in their making, the knotting, overcasting and the finish of the ends. When written clearly by an author who has a lifetime's experience in the Oriental carpet trade, such books are warmly welcomed by the beginner in collecting. The reader will in fact probably expect them to do more than they humanly can: he will hope through their agency to learn not only to distinguish the main families of rugs—that he will undoubtedly learn to do—but also to distinguish between the work of particular villages or tribes. This latter power, however, can only derive, if at all, from the intimacy of actual travel and long residence in the rug-producing areas. The printed word cannot help beyond a certain point ; but it is very relevant to the issue we are here considering that the enthusiastic reader will hope, somewhere beneath the surface of his conscious thought, that by correlating the book he reads and the weaves that he handles and turns in the shop, the auction-room, or his home, he will be able to discern the sign manual of the people at a given spot on the map of Asia. It is as though he hoped that rug and book between them would lift him into the place, the life and the mind of the weaver.

Thirdly, there is a kind of writing in this field where the light

is focused on designs and raw materials as symbols of the history and aspirations of the men and women who employ them. Books that have this aim are frankly studies in interpretation. A case in point is *The Oriental Rug Book* of Mary Churchill Ripley, published in New York in 1904. To her eye the significance of the Oriental rug is that it carries into the homes of the West emblems laden with history, emblems that in the lands of their origin have for centuries connoted power, suffering, the struggle for freedom, the effort to hold evil forces at bay. For example, she considers grave-carpets, and stresses that in these every feature will be incorporated for its solemn traditional reasons, never for the sake of mere ornament, and that there will be no borrowing of alien decorative effects.

Moving from one family of carpets to the next, she attempts, with a mixture of audacity, feminine imagination and occasional insight, to translate the meaning of the most famous designs. Of the octagons or *guls* in the Turcoman rugs, she says that they represent "the eight divisions of location," over each of which presides an animal deity, the powers of light and the powers of darkness sitting at the two extremes. In the spirited but sometimes obscure motifs of Mossul rugs, she sees "ancient fortifications, moats, sites of towns, and crenellations." In the celebrated carpets of Kirman she detects survivals of the fire-worshippers who were driven as refugees to that province. Appropriately her book is introduced by a line from Walt Whitman: "I see the picturesque crowds at the fairs of Khiva and those of Herat," and, if his poem is a "Salut au Monde," her book is a "Salute to Asia," an effort to identify herself with the throb of Asia's pulse through the legends, the faiths victorious and the faiths fugitive, the profile of the land and the profile of history, glimpsed in the lozenges or the flowers of a hand-woven pattern.

The reader who seeks either to know Oriental rugs or to assess their cultural significance for the West must, of course, read all these classes of books. In due course he may very possibly decide that the academic works matter least. There may be areas of art and of scholarship where the average production, whatever its sociological significance, is dull, and where the masterpieces and near-masterpieces can alone suffice for the enquiring mind. But in the case of Oriental carpets nothing could be less true. The glory of this art is that its average is beautiful, and that it is meaningful to the West not in so far as it can be assigned to one or another outstanding genius but precisely in so far as it is anonymous and the collective expression of a community.

Again, the precious antique carpets of the museums are not the

familiar objects of life. Visitors to the museums will see them on occasion, but only the specialist can consort with them; whereas many of us do, in reality and as a matter of daily practice, consort with those average, "Low School," relatively young rugs that come from the East through our shops into our homes. So it is by virtue of the average weave, rather than the giant Ardebil or the Austrian silk hunting-carpet, that there is a living cultural interaction between East and West. Since the second and third classes of book, as described above, deal with rugs of this general grade, they count most.

For the sake of reporting the position, I have slightly over-simplified it. Books of the second and third classes tend, in the actual writing, to interpenetrate each other. Miss Ripley and those of her turn of mind will inevitably try at various points to analyze and explain techniques, because the processes belonging to a peasant economy and thus involving the tradition and rhythm of life of the peasants, are linked with the meanings that the author finds in the patterns. Consider Miss Ripley on a method of preparing vegetable dyes by making holes in the bed of a stream and later, after the rainy season, collecting the deposits:—

> ...when again the dry season arrived, the contents of the holes were removed by the dyers, who, grinding all together indiscriminately, made shades which vied with the pigeon's breast in beauty, and with the clouds of sunset in variety.

Her account of this technique may be a little fanciful, but the pivot of the passage is an evident desire to show that nature plays a part in giving Oriental wools their rare colours. Conversely, writers whose point of departure is strictly practical are sure to show from time to time a sense of the ideological implications of the work they dissect. One says, "The weaver weaves his life into the rug." Almost all indicate the charm that comes into the carpets from odd and unexpected deviations from regularity. Vincent Robinson, after referring in particular to the Indian practice of calling out the design to the weavers in a metrical chant, which affords the freedom to introduce slight variations in detail, says:—

> ...nothing can be a substitute for the delicate, almost imperceptible, changes which every fine Oriental design betrays when worked by people whose daily life is subject to pleasurable emotions and to the interruptions of domestic and other influences.

Another author-traveller—it is A. U. Dilley, I think—tells how in the Caucasus the wool is rich and lustrous, because the sheep, feeding on the mountain pastures, enjoy the grass, enjoy the pure air and enjoy the view—yes, the tribesmen themselves specified this last virtue; and the whole sparkling anecdote clearly adds up to this, that there is *pleasure* in the Caucasian rugs.

The smile of pleasure, free from melancholy, free from malice, human and loving—that is the secret of the Oriental rug and of the Western attachment to many things of beauty that come from the Orient. Now, viewed from the Eastern standpoint, this feeling may seem only partly justified; an on-the-spot observer who knows the circumstances in which the rugs were produced, the intensive and ill-rewarded labour that went into them, may ask how their loveliness could possibly be free from the imprints of human suffering. But we are not speaking of objective realities. We are speaking of the hopes of the heart, which every people nourishes, and which every people likes to imagine as fulfilled in reality in some distant place. Repeatedly a civilization will choose a faith or a class of objects as suitable matter in which to see those hopes embodied.

For a long time the West has been seeking the essence of pleasure, seeking it with a contradictory desperation. The machine age that began in the eighteenth century brought the possibilities of physical comfort for large populations nearer, but almost immediately sensitive minds noted and protested that this comfort bore only a tenuous relationship to pleasure. Because comforts were within reach, they could now see that the great deficiency of their civilization lay in pleasure. By a significant paradox it was the dour, probing Wordsworth who first caught in words the sensation of pleasure, projecting it on to the phenomena of nature and by that medium obtaining the first inkling of it:—

> And I must think, do all I can,
> That there was pleasure there.

A hundred years later, at that 1890–1900 period which, as I have suggested in these notes, saw the heightening of the Western consciousness of its shortcomings and of its need for a deeper intercourse with the disappearing earth and the rejected seasons, the struggle for pleasure became intense; it passed from the relatively contemplative stage to a stage more physical, even orgiastic, reached by way of Frazer, Freud and Jung, of the Russian ballet, of the interest of Picasso and his colleagues in African art, of the upsurge of jazz which had been made possible by the American Civil War. The emergence of ballet as a twentieth-century popular art is one good instance of the attempt of the Western world to re-enact the Dionysiac rituals or to dance the dance of Pan. Consider, too, how Pan is the presiding deity in E. M. Forster's early novels, in the art of Harpo Marx, or in that of Danny Kaye.

Some social historians might, in fact, be content to see the Western interest in Oriental carpets only as an extension of the attempt to resume contact with the nature gods, who have lurked and survived in decorative motifs even when they have been most ignored. But for my part I would rather see that

search for the nature gods as one mode, if a very important mode, of the search for pleasure and untainted happiness that must necessarily be the human aim. Therefore I would understand a genuine love of Oriental weaving as a subdepartment and a symbol of that fundamental search.

At least two questions follow. To the Western lover of these beautiful things that the East has made, the question must be addressed: "Do you understand that you are treating your rugs as magical instruments?" In putting this question one would not seek in any way to diminish the collector's passion for the objects, or to deter him from their pursuit and study; one would wish to make conscious, or more conscious, the subterranean impulses of his desire, by which the wool that he handles or the colours that please his eye seem to impart to him an Asian harmony with nature. The purpose of the question is to help the Western man to find the Asia in himself. To the observer and the thinker in the East a complementary question is to be put, somewhat on these lines: "You are transforming the continent of Asia, and, with the principles of equality, justice and a better life for all in mind, are supplanting the old economy out of which the art of the Oriental carpet grew. Can you perhaps, in effecting that transformation, retain, as the West could not, those elements of pleasure which as the designs and the colours show, the weaver possessed in himself even when his lot was poorest?"

It will be seen that in formulating this last question I have dared the assumption that the delight that Oriental rugs and carpets give is not entirely a projection from the eye of the beholder, but that it is "objectively" present in some degree, and is indeed lent by an inner sense of happiness or harmony, a metaphorical Asia, in the mind of the weaver.

HERBERT HOWARTH

IN THE HUSH OF THE HIMALAYAS

"Out of the Silence will speak the Voice," sings the Sufi.

What Voice?

The answer is given by a mystic, this time from the West: "Be still and know I am God."

Thus, Silence is, as another seeker of the Supreme Reality avows, "the speech of the Eternal." Blessed, then, is Silence, the Sunshine of the Spirit. Hence, the Himalayas are a *devalaya*, a home of God as well as of the gods.

God and gods! They coexist and their perpetual play is the warp and woof of Life, both human and divine. But whenever one loses oneself in the multiplicity of gods and forgets the unity of Godhead, the Spirit of the Eternal speaks out: "There is but One, though the poets call him by different names."

Therefore proclaims the ancient seer, "Whatsoever there is in this universe is wrapped up in God. Enjoy that which He has given unto thee. Covet not another's wealth."

Alas! covetousness, under several disguises, is the creed of today. Is it because we have forgotten that the king is one, the church is one, the community is one, the kitchen is one and life-consciousness is one?

Indeed, there are at present so many idols, before which we bend our knees and burn incense, that we have ceased to glimpse the God—the Ideal—in and behind them. And so cries out a modern mystic in the fulness of his heart's insight and ecstasy:—

> Our cathedral is the universe, our object of worship is the Supreme Lord, our scripture is intuitive knowledge, our path of salvation is worship, our atonement is by self-purification, our guides and leaders are all the good and great men. True Faith belongs to all those who, as worshippers of the One True God, will love Him and do the work He loves.

But what is true Faith? Say the seers of old:—

> Brahma is Truth, Knowledge, the Infinite. His manifestation is eternal Bliss. It shineth forth.
> He is all-pervading, spotless, formless, without veins or scars, pure and undefiled, without sin,
> He is all-seeing and the ruler of our minds,
> He is the most high and Self-revealed,
> He bestows upon His creatures at all times all things that are needful.
> He is the Source of life, mind and all the senses; of sky, air, light, water, and that which contains them all—this earth.
> He is the sustainer of all things, and the universe to this day is moving under His control.
> At His command the fire burns bright;
> At His command the sun gives light
> At His command the clouds and wind speed on and death itself roams abroad.

Nature and Nature's God, Law and Love, therefore, constitute the entire economy of both Earth and Heaven. The earth is His footstool as well as factory; Heaven is His heart as well as home.

And so everywhere it is holy ground, where we stand with unshod feet, uncovered head and folded hands. Every heart-beat is the sound of His footsteps, as it is the tick of the Time that flies out from Eternity.

Indeed,

> this wide universe is the temple of God. The heart is the shrine for pilgrimage. Truth is the scripture everlasting. Faith is the root of religion. Love is its supreme realization. Renunciation is the death of self.

And so the heart of Man sings in adoration, in exaltation of the spirit: "I bow to Brahma (the Creator), who is the greatest of all entities and existences in the universe. This earth is His footstool; Heaven is His head; the meridian is His body; the Directions are His ears; Light is His language; and the Wind is His breath, which is alike in every one."

GURDIAL MALLIK

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

The Sanskrit Language. By T. Burrow. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. vii+426 pp. 1955. 55*s*.)

Since the "discovery" of Sanskrit by European scholars towards the close of the eighteenth century, various views have been current concerning the influence of Sanskrit over linguistic studies. Hittite was discovered early in this century and this has raised a host of fresh problems. Professor Burrow takes full account of all these problems in his present study, which is calculated to present "a systematic account of Sanskrit in its relation to the other Indo-European languages."

Chapter I points out that Sanskrit comes under Indo-Aryan, one of the ten major branches into which the Indo-European family can be divided. The original home of Indo-European "lay somewhere in Europe" rather than in Central Asia, as was originally believed. Hittite and the allied languages seem to have separated from the main body "earliest of all." The Indo-Iranians seem to have "first set off on their migrations" about 2000 B.C. Their presence in the Near East is "recorded principally in documents of the Mitanni kingdom of North Mesopotamia during the period 1500-1300 B.C."; and there are "a few Aryan traces among the documents of the Kassite dynasty of Babylon (*c*. 1750-1170 B.C.)." "The period of the Indo-Aryan invasions" is very likely *c*. 1700-1400 B.C. and "the period of the composition of the *Rigveda c*. 1200-1000 B.C." (p. 31). This late date for the *Rigveda* is justified on the ground that there is "very great similarity between the Vedic language and the earliest Iranian," which is dated *c*. 600 B.C. (pp. 4, 31). The argument is not new and Winternitz has replied to it. I may only add that the *Rigveda* we have now is only a fragment, many portions being lost during migrations, perhaps, and it is not at all impossible that some of the older hymns even in this fragmentary Veda are those which the Aryans composed before they reached India; hence it is not easy to speak of a single date for even the existing portion of the *Rigveda*.

Chapter II outlines the history of the different forms of Sanskrit: Vedic, Epic, Classical, Buddhist, Jain and Greater Indian. The next five chapters are concerned with aspects of Comparative Grammar such as phonology, the formation and declension of nouns, numerals, pronouns, indeclinables and the verb; and in the treatment of all these subjects full use is made of the contributions of Hittite, so that some Sanskrit words are derived anew. We are told, for instance, that the Vedic *Karmara* (smith) is a thematic extension of the agent noun *Karmar*, and *marjara* (cat) is probably another "formation of this type."

The last chapter speaks of the influence of Dravidian languages on Sanskrit. Gundert, Caldwell and Kittel raised this point in the second half of the last century. Kittel (*Kannada-English Dictionary*, Preface, pp. xvii ff.) even lists 420 Sanskrit words as probable loans from Dravidian. Now 108 words are listed (pp. 380 ff.) as "the most important and certain of the Dravidian loans." Still, it seems very difficult to be certain that Tamil "was to begin with comparatively free from Aryan influence"; for the oldest Tamil texts available to us now betray an unmistakable Sanskrit influence.

The Select Bibliography and Index at the end add to the usefulness of the book.

The Dravidian language referred to

(pp. 62, 376) in this book as "Kanarese" is known to those who speak it as "Kannada."

On the whole, the present work, written by a scholar of the standing of Professor Burrow of Oxford University, has the value of the latest pronouncement on the subject and fulfils a long-felt need. To us in India the book should be particularly welcome because nearly every one of the languages we speak today has had in the past its own measure of sustenance from Sanskrit.

H. G. NARAHARI

The Sufi Path of Love: An Anthology of Sufism. Compiled by MARGARET SMITH. (Luzac and Co., Ltd., London. xii+154 pp. 1954. 21*s*.)

English contributions to the study of Islamic mysticism have been significant since the days of Sir William Jones, and in recent years our literature relating to the doctrine of the Sufis has been considerably enriched by the writings of both Professor A. J. Arberry and Dr. Margaret Smith. To her *Readings from the Mystics of Islam* Dr. Smith now adds *The Sufi Path of Love.* It is an anthology, bold in its conception, for it embraces scholarly translations from the original Arab, Persian and Turkish authors, together with appropriate extracts from the works of the leading modern Orientalists. Moreover, it covers a period of some twelve hundred years between Hasan al-Basri and Muhammad Iqbal. And not only does Dr. Smith succeed in achieving a most comprehensive result, but she does this in the economical and effective manner one comes to associate with the scholarly mind which selects and rejects out of its depth of understanding. So we find the essence of Sufism in a handy volume of some one hundred and fifty pages.

The arrangement of the book is well worthy of analysis. Commencing with a brief Introduction of only one page in which Sufism is simply yet adequately defined, the author goes on, chapter by chapter, stage by stage, to reveal, through a wide selection in both verse and prose from the Sufi literature, the process by which the human soul may attain ultimate union with God: for He who is in all things and all things in Him, is to be reached by the Path of Love.

Thus in Chapter I are to be found sixteen prose passages from Sir William Jones, E. H. Whinfield, E. J. W. Gibb, E. G. Browne, Muhammad Iqbal, R. A. Nicholson, A. J. Arberry, and others, in which the nature and origins of Sufism are explained; to be followed in Chapters II and III by the attributes of God as Beauty and Light and of the human soul in its relation with the Divine. The remaining three chapters, God and the soul having been defined, now record, with "The Beginning of the Soul's Ascent to God," "The Mystic Path" and "The End of the Path," the pilgrimage whereby the Lover is finally united with The Beloved. It is a happy choice on the part of Dr. Smith to place the selected passages in chronological order, according to authors, within each chapter. Her wide range also ensures that in the final five chapters the reader is delighted and instructed by the verses of 'Umar Khayyam, Sana'i, Anvari, 'Attar, Rumi, and some fifty others, through the English translations of the leading Orientalists. A most useful list of authors, a scholarly list of sources, and an index serve to complete an attractive and valuable anthology. It is to be strongly recommended to all readers genuinely interested in Islamic mysticism.

H. J. J. WINTER

Historical Geography of Ancient India. By B. C. LAW. (Société Asiatique de Paris, Paris. 354 pp. 3 sketch-maps. 1954.)

Though the study of the geography of ancient India constitutes an important branch of Indological research, adequate attention does not seem to have been paid to it by scholars. Some stray monographs and articles, no doubt, have been published on the subject; but a systematic and comprehensive treatise which would take into account the most up-to-date researches had long been an urgent desideratum. The only two works which one can readily think of in this connection, namely, Cunningham's *Ancient Geography of India* and Nand Lal Dey's *Geographical Dictionary of Ancient and Mediæval India*, are deficient. While the former is based mainly on the accounts of foreign pilgrims and travellers, the latter altogether neglects certain parts of India. It is, therefore, most gratifying to see that, in this book, Dr. B. C. Law, who has already to his credit many historico-geographical studies, has brought together in one volume almost all the information bearing on the geography of ancient India that can be derived from any conceivable source—Indian or foreign; literary, epigraphical or archæological; Sanskrit or Prakrit; Brahmanic, Buddhist or Jain.

In his Introduction the author has dealt with some general topics, *e.g.*, the different names of India, the shape and divisions of India, and the physical features—mountains, caves, rivers, lakes and forests. He has also included—though, perhaps, not quite relevantly—a section on the sixteen *mahajanapadas* and, helpfully, a bibliography of ancient Indian geography. The latter one would have liked to have in a more detailed and systematic form.

Looking to the main body, one begins to wonder whether the title of the book is not rather misleading; for, if one expected to find in Dr. Law's book a connected account of ancient Indian geography during different historical periods, he would be disappointed. The book is divided into five chapters dealing respectively with northern, southern, eastern, western and central India. In each chapter, the geographical names are arranged in alphabetical order and all the available information about a particular geographical item is given against it. But even this information is not always given in a chronological sequence. Dr. Law's book is essentially of the nature of an exhaustive geographical index relating to ancient India. And it is just as such that it will prove to be of inestimable value to every serious student of ancient Indian history and civilization.

Incidentally it may be added—though it should, by no means, be understood as detracting from the general excellence of Dr. Law's book—that the present reviewer casually looked into it for the geographical names Kikata (*RV*, III. 53. 14), Hariyupiya (*RV*, VI. 27. 5), Mahavrsa (*AV*, V. 22. 5) and Balhika (*AV*, V. 22. 5), but could not find them.

R. N. DANDEKAR

The Puranic Anthology (*Purana-Kavya-Stotra-Sudha*). By A. P. KARMARKAR. (Mira Publishing House, Belgaum. 304 pp. 1955. Rs. 5/-)

The need for anthologies is always felt when a literature becomes voluminous. Sanskrit literature has an oceanic expanse and depth. The contents of the Puranas, which form an important part of Sanskrit literature, still remain without a chart, though the Puranas have contributed not a little to the growth of the Hindu religion, ethics and culture during the last two thousand years. Dr. Karmarkar has devoted a major part of his leisure to a critical study of the

Puranas since 1938. He is already known to Indologists by his many publications. The present *Anthology* is the second product of his Puranic research, for which he has culled all that is best and most elegant in the Puranas, divided into four categories, *viz., subhasitas,* pure poetry, *stotras* (psalms) and devotional literature.

The *Anthology* opens with two texts on polity from the *Garuda-purana, viz.,* the *Shaunakiya-nitisara* and the *Brihaspati-nitisara* (pp. 1-35). They contain much matter for study and reflection for ministers of Government, not only in India but in all countries of the world.

This *Anthology* does not exhaust the perennial wisdom of the Puranas. We hope, therefore, that Dr. Karmarkar will give us many more anthologies of the present type, incorporating in them matter of absorbing interest under categories not included in the present volume. The labour involved in preparing such anthologies is tremendous and the only reward for it is mental happiness and fame, as said in a *subhasita* in the present anthology.

P. K. GODE

Shabda ane Artha. Thakkar Vassonji Madhavji Lectures on Historical Semantics. By B. J. SANDESARA. Gujarati. (N. M. Tripathi, for the University of Bombay. 223 pp. 1954. Rs. 2/-)

For the first time a scholar has given in Gujarati what may fairly be called a systematic introduction to semantics. In these lectures Dr. Sandesara states the nature and general principles of the science, and elucidates them with examples taken mainly from old and modern Gujarati. Sometimes his pursuit of a word becomes an adventure in speculation, taking him into the remote past or into far-off lands.

The meaning of a word has a tendency to expand, as in the case of *parsi.* In the later Sanskrit it meant the Persian language but in old Gujarati it came to mean the vernacular of any group. In the word *mriga* (deer) the meaning has contracted from the original meaning of "animal." In the transfer of meaning or its deterioration the process of comparison is involved. The word *patra* has a good sense as in *supatra,* but in *patar* it has deteriorated from "character" in a play to a "courtesan" and from "courtesan" to a mere "harlot." Some words reveal deliberate concealment of happy or unhappy association. For instance, *shitala,* meaning "cool," is the name commonly used for small-pox, certainly a very hot disease.

The lecture on "Words and Culture" discusses words as a source for cultural and historical studies. Dr. Sandesara's inquiry into some words of Dravidian origin throws light on cultural contacts between Karnatak and Gujarat.

Besides being valuable as studies the lectures are delightful to read.

V. R. TRIVEDI

The Wonder That Was India: A Survey of the Culture of the Indian Sub-Continent before the Coming of the Muslims. By A. L. BASHAM. (Sidgwick and Jackson, London. xxi+568 pp. Illustrated. 1954. 45*s.*)

This book is a courageous undertaking. The title given by the publishers in their series on ancient civilizations is in itself a responsibility, demanding and precious. How to describe a wonder to the public of a generation reluctant to accept wonders? The second challenge lies in the fact that one man, who is naturally equipped through inclination and talent to deal with one or another aspect of cultural development, may not necessarily be capable of treating equally well all the manifold problems and standpoints of a fully-fledged culture with at least five thousand years of inner growth behind it. It is probable, therefore, that some specialists may not be quite satisfied with the treatment of their own particular fields, while gratefully acknowledging the immense work of compilation here amassed, supplemented by excellent maps, charts, photographic illustrations and sensitive translations from the Indian texts. The general public of the West may learn a lot from this wide survey.

The author has wisely chosen on the whole to limit his subject to the times before the Moghul invasions, though making many excursions into present-day India. In addition, he has introduced copious comparisons and tempting analogies with Western literature—very often accidental similarities only. All through this book the innate British gift of common sense and compromise is evident. Common sense is used to explain the strange wonder that was, or rather is, India. In accordance with this national and special gift, the most informative and lively chapters are those on State and Society, in which the author's intimate knowledge of the *Kautiliya Arthashastra* (*Treatise on Polity*) stands him in good stead.

This book has another asset in the author's frequent quotations from Tamil literature, which usually is not sufficiently considered by European writers on India's mixed civilizations.

In contrast with the familiar way of treatment, Indian philosophy and metaphysics are here not emphasized—is this an asset or a drawback? On pp. 243 and 323 a surprising explanation of the Hindu's fundamental longing for the cessation of *samsara* is provided: the author thinks that the Indian felt the endless cycle of rebirth to be "boring" and "tedious" and therefore fervently sought Liberation from the chain of re-incorporation. This commonsense interpretation of India's ideal of final rest in the supra-personal cosmic reservoir does not do justice to her deepest desire for the undivided Fullness and Wholeness of *Purnatva.*

Other interpretations of religious thought, previously proffered by European authorities, are here again put forth. For instance, the recent Western explanations of the finds in the Indus Valley try to make us believe that the bath chambers and the animal figurines with movable heads found there were civic sanitary arrangements and children's toys. True, the Indus Valley had apparently a highly developed city organization, but Dr. Basham thinks that these baths seem rather to have had religious significance and were probably used for ritual ablutions; some of the latter may have been icons or votive offerings.

One may also be doubtful as to the statements about Indian illiteracy. Even today the Indian shows a definite predilection for oral, instead of written, tradition. Though script has now been long in use, learning by acoustic means is still preferred. One may still find illiteracy among the masses—learning their beloved national epics by heart, but this in no way amounts to ignorance.

The practical and matter-of-fact attitude, though it has its shortcomings in

the religious, and more so in the metaphysical, spheres, becomes an asset in the description of all practical and social matters. A plausible explanation of the development of the caste system is given and the distinction between the four primary classes of society and the divergent castes of later times is lucidly stated.

The author reveals a special understanding of, and appreciation for, Buddhism. Buddhist ethics and psychology are nearer to the Western outlook than the complex Hinduism which still shows all gradual stages of religion side by side from materialistic beginnings to the loftiest metaphysical concepts. The latter cannot be discarded as mysterious or mystically abstruse. India's deductive mysticism, her vision of cosmic unity to be gradually attained, is not an unbalanced flight of speculation, not an unjustifiable escapism, as many Westerners are inclined to regard it. With all his appreciation for the other Buddhist Canons, the third, *Abhidhamma,* Buddhist metaphysics and psychology, does not find much favour with the author.

As to the chapter on the arts, the author rightly emphasizes that the representations in figural forms are indications of Indian world-nearness and not of world-renunciation. This lies in the very nature of the representations in distinct individual shapes. They seem to represent only preliminary stages which have to be gone through, before the final ideal is reached. *Maya* is, in most Buddhist schools and certainly with Shankara, not "illusion," but the transitory reality of measurable, individual forms.

In short, this book succeeds in bringing India nearer to the West in all her worldly manifestations and visible displays, and satisfies the Western mind on those aspects where affinities between both centres of civilization can be established.

BETTY HEIMANN

Treasury of Philosophy. By DAGOBERT RUNES. (Philosophical Library, New York. 1280 pp. 1955. $15.00)

We are all familiar with literary anthologies both of poetry and prose, but the idea of having a philosophical anthology is not so common and Dr. Dagobert D. Runes has undoubtedly undertaken a very difficult task and he must be congratulated on the work he has put in. Selections have been made from nearly four hundred philosophers. The term philosopher has evidently been used in a somewhat broad sense, for Dr. Runes has included selections from Carlyle and Ruskin and even George Eliot. Such a vast range of choice has necessarily led to restrictions in the number of pages allotted to different philosophers. Plato is lucky enough to have eighteen pages, but Aristotle has only five and Kant only four. It is inevitable that no reader will find the book quite satisfying, as the selections from each thinker are so tantalizingly few. But it has the merit of covering writers not merely from Europe and America but also from the Islamic world, China, Japan and India. Aurobindo Ghosh, Gandhiji and Tagore have been included, but oddly enough there is no selection from Dr. Radhakrishnan. Among the several living writers included is Dr. Einstein, who has since passed away. He will always be remembered as the greatest scientist of the age, but he was a philosopher as well, for he had a genuine religious feeling and it comes out when he says:—

> It is very difficult to explain this religious feeling to anyone who is entirely without it, especially as there is no anthropomorphic conception of God corresponding to it.

Though he was proud to be a Jew and could have been President of Israel,

if he had cared to be, there was something markedly universal in his attitude to religion. Like other mystics, he saw no truth in the hollowness and hypocrisies of conventional orthodox religious life. He had the courage to write:—

> ...it is precisely among the heretics of every age that we find men who are filled with the highest kind of religious feeling and were in many cases regarded by their contemporaries as Atheists, sometimes also as saints. Looked at in this light, men like Democritus, Francis of Assisi, and Spinoza are closely akin to one another.

To this distinguished list, the name of Einstein could also be safely added. It is interesting to find him agreeing wholeheartedly with a contemporary "that in this materialistic age of ours the serious scientific workers are the only profoundly religious people." In spite of its exaggeration this has a serious significance for scientists who will not look beyond their narrow sphere of work, and for philosophers who tend to look upon the sciences as something inferior.

In spite of its bulk, this book can hardly be looked upon as one to be dipped into for a fruitful engagement of an idle hour. By itself it will not teach philosophy to anyone. But it may tempt a reader to go more seriously to the fountainheads of philosophy. The price too is a little prohibitive.

A. R. Wadia

The Nihilism of John Dewey. By Paul K. Crosser. (Philosophical Library, New York. 238 pp. 1955. $3.75)

Though the problems with which philosophy deals persist down the ages, it shows remarkable changes in its approach from one period of history, one phase of civilization, to another. The philosophy of pragmatism in its many forms betrays the characteristics of a civilization in its infancy. The movement that began on the basis of some fertile ideas of Peirce found its prophet in William James and a prominent exponent in Dewey. But Dewey developed his ideas in a way all his own. His logic, his philosophy of æsthetic experience and his theory of education show his great intelligence and his analytical mind. But intelligence as such is not enough to make an abiding contribution to philosophy. It is striking that so soon after his death a countryman of John Dewey has subjected Deweyism to incisive criticism but it speaks well for a nation that it can take stock of itself dispassionately and has the courage to evaluate critically the foundations of its thought. As such an evaluation Dr. Crosser's searching criticism of Dewey is welcome. He takes great pains to expose what he calls the nihilism of Dewey in every field of thought.

He takes Dewey to task for his extreme relativism. But this relativism is inherent in all philosophies that have grown in the atmosphere of pragmatism, which has penetrated deeply into the texture of American thought. It is in his logic and in his reflections on art as experience that Dewey's relativism becomes most open to challenge. Dr. Crosser underlines especially Dewey's failure to determine what is beautiful in human experience and what is not.

We appreciate the spirit of Dr. Crosser's criticism but regret that he has given no clues to the drift of his own speculations. As he is fully aware, Deweyism has served a useful purpose. What is now required is a positive substitute for it in a changed situation. We hope that after this iconoclastic feat Dr. Crosser will attempt something constructive to fill the vacuum that is now created.

S. Vahiduddin

Kierkegaard. Selected and Introduced by W. H. AUDEN. (Cassell and Co., Ltd., London. 184 pp. 1955. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

The increasing tempo of interest in Kierkegaard's thought today will make this volume of selections welcome. In the numerous expositions which have come out in recent times, Kierkegaard's own thought has naturally been subordinated to that of the commentator, and extracts from the original have merely been illustrative. In this book, it is the other way round: hence its value.

Mr. Auden's own Introduction is all too brief, and hardly does justice to his topic. The philosophic analysis is rather thin. This is particularly noticeable in the presentation of Kierkegaard's three fundamental categories, the æsthetic, the ethical and the religious. Written from the standpoint of a "believer" in the narrower sense, one misses that broad and sympathetic understanding of alien standpoints which, for example, distinguishes the work of a man like Gabriel Marcel. Mr. Auden says of Kierkegaard that he was neither a poet nor a philosopher but essentially a preacher. Reading this Introduction, one feels that Mr. Auden himself may be a poet and a literary critic, but he is certainly no philosopher.

Commencing with a few "Prefatory Aphorisms," and ending with an "Epilogue," the selections are grouped under five chapters headed: "The Present Age"; "The Aesthetic, the Ethical, and the Religious" (this gets the lion's share); "The Subjective Thinker"; "Sin and Dread"; and "Christ the Offence" (how the very idea of Christ was an offence to the Jews as well as the Gentiles). Apart from the titles of the chapters, there is no running commentary or notes to help the uninitiated reader to follow the unconnected paragraphs, no indication whatever to show where the extracts have been taken from, and, nally, no index. All this detracts considerably from the reference value of the book.

But the selections themselves have been made with discrimination and present a true perspective of the thought of one who was perhaps the most notable religious thinker of the last century. Ostensibly Kierkegaard's polemics were directed against the smug Protestantism of the Denmark of his time and were the outcome of his own inward suffering. But in the brilliant dialectic is imbedded a significance permanently relevant to the spiritual quest, which is timeless.

K. GURU DUTT

Gautama Buddha. By T. L. VASWANI. (East and West Series, Poona. 16 pp. 1955. Annas 4)

Shri Vaswani here confines himself to the significant and inspiring moments of the Buddha's traditional life story, and links these to the central points of his teaching. The six little essays in this pamphlet are popular and episodic, and contain only the broad outlines of the Buddha's teaching; but the perspective is true. Shri Vaswani emphasizes that Buddha wished his disciples to unfold their own understanding; that in this he again opened to everyone the wisdom of the ancient *rishis*, which the more powerful castes had attempted to keep to themselves; that the Buddha's own Attainment showed man ascending to the Divine, not being raised by a force outside himself.

R. P .S.

How to Make and Break Habits. By JAMES L. MURSELL. (Odhams Press, Ltd., London. 258 pp. 1955. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

"Habits are tools for living," says the author of this helpful and practical book, and he proceeds to explain just how the normal individual can learn to understand his own habitual behaviour and to judge whether it could be bettered. His view of what are termed "habits" is not perhaps quite the orthodox one, as he seems to include almost every phase of human behaviour and personality traits, thus giving a very wide interpretation to what may be termed good habits and bad ones.

Dr. Mursell, who is a Professor of Education at Columbia Teachers' College, writes so simply and with such an abundance of entertaining and dramatic examples from real life that one is led, quite easily, to understand the underlying psychological principles that he demonstrates. At the same time it is clear that his work is based on real research and backed up by sound reading, for there are useful footnotes and references to a number of volumes by authorities.

This book should be of real help to the layman as well as to the student, and of particular value to all engaged in education, as it shows how one may reorganize the personality by replacing bad, wasteful or useless habits by new, good ones. Those of us who have been successful in helping children in this way (by creating in them a genuine desire for change) know the truth of the author's statement: "Habits have no strength of their own"—but are merely a way of attaining some desired end. This optimistic attitude is more than justified by the many successes achieved by those who take the trouble to "know themselves" and work for higher ends.

This book can be recommended as clearly written, unpretentious and well indexed. The only real criticism is that Dr. Mursell presumes that expert psychological help is readily available for all who need it, and this is, unfortunately, not the case in very many parts of the world.

ELIZABETH CROSS

An Intellectual Primer. By JAY C. KNODE. (Philosophical Library, New York. 88 pp. 1955. $2.50)

The modern man lives in a confusing intellectual climate. Mr. Jay C. Knode has tried to provide him with a handy conspectus of the main currents of contemporary thought with well-chosen quotations from significant books of the last twenty-five years. His little volume is an attempt to summarize points of view and prevailing attitudes toward the infinite and the infinitesimal, matter and life, mind and brain, evolution and ethics, man and the universe. Various religious as well as scientific beliefs are briefly but fairly described.

Admittedly, the sources and materials used are limited both in scope and significance. But he writes in the firm conviction that "we would be pusillanimous and slothful if we did not attempt syntheses for ourselves and as stepping-stones for our descendants." His book is bold in its aim but not presumptuous in its approach. Its concise chapters and its clear and vigorous style should be additional attractions for the casual reader. There is also a fine epilogue which takes the form of a dialogue between the reincarnated Aristocles and his interviewer on earth.

O.

A LETTER FROM LONDON

[**Shri Sunder Kabadi** in his quarterly letter from London argues convincingly on why the third world war cannot now take place.—ED.]

Two important factors, one positive, the other negative, brought about the circumstances in which it was possible for the Geneva meeting of the Big Four "at the summit" to be held: first, the powers of annihilation which at this very moment both Russia and the West possess in their nuclear weapons, and, secondly, the impartial but constructive influence which India, through Pandit Nehru, has been able to exert on the affairs of the powers. If nuclear weapons had not been developed and a major war could still be waged with some prospect of one side defeating the other, the Cold War would in all probability have developed into a major armed conflict as a logical extension of either the "limited" war in Korea or the conflict in Indochina, even despite the good efforts of India to mediate and the power she brings to bear as representing the conscience of hundreds of millions of backward peoples.

Similarly, if India, in this period of nuclear armaments, had not steadfastly refused to align herself with one or the other of the great blocs, but had thrown in her lot with the West or Russia, even the prospects of a war of total annihilation might not have inhibited or restrained the potential belligerents. The advocates of "preventive war," among whom at one time was General Douglas MacArthur in the West and who undoubtedly carried some weight in Moscow during Stalin's regime, would probably have grown in influence and authority since the practical issues which are in dispute between Russia and the West, even with the best will in the world, as Geneva has demonstrated, continue to defy solution. How much more intractable and menacing, therefore, would they not have seemed if in the last two years or so, instead of international tension undergoing a slight but distinct relaxation, there had been an intensification of local conflicts at all those points where what Russia and the West regard as their vital interests overlap.

It is important and interesting that both in Russia and the West there is a recognition of the way in which world affairs are being influenced by the twin factors I have mentioned. The initiative in steering the direction of human affairs does not lie entirely with the leaders of those nations which between them command the greatest proportion of material power, even though at times it seems to. In acknowledging the influence of these twin forces, of course, there is a tendency in both Russia and the West to take advantage of, or to claim credit for, the impact of these forces on the course of events. On the one hand they argue with increasing emphasis and urgency: "Nuclear weapons mean that in a future war the world would be destroyed. There will be neither victor nor vanquished, but universal destruction. Deep though our differences are, therefore, we must find ways of solving our disputes without resort to force."

This is an attitude towards war based purely on expediency and utility. Those who take this attitude—it is often expressed in military circles, in newspaper articles and editorials discussing military strategy and in debates in Parliament on defence—seem to be deploring the fact that nuclear weapons have rendered the waging of war impractical. For tens of thousands of years nations and empires have been waging wars of conquest, of revenge or of religion; so it is not difficult to understand why the generation that is confronted with the choice: "Peace or annihilation," stands

perplexed and bewildered. The end of war does not merely mean the closing down of Defence Ministries, arms factories and the demobilization of soldiers. The end of war means that society will have to cut away some of the deepest roots on which its culture, conventions and ideals have grown since time immemorial and will have to find new ones. In other words, it is faced with the challenge of either evolving into a higher form of society or perishing at the level it has now reached.

When at Geneva President Eisenhower proposed to the Russians that they should disclose all the relevant facts about their military capacity and permit aerial reconnaissance of the Soviet Union on a reciprocal basis, the first reaction in the Soviet Union would have been similar to the reaction of a primitive man armed with a club invited by a contemporary similarly armed to lay down clubs on a reciprocal basis. The vast strategic bombing fleets, the guided missiles, the nuclear bombs, the atomic-powered submarines and all the other paraphernalia of modern war are no more than an elaboration of the primitive club and they are exactly related to the same kind of defensive and offensive instincts and the primitive conception that the weak go to the wall and only the strong survive.

This primitive conception of the means required for survival has dominated international thought on the subject right down to this nuclear age. History is littered with the ashes of dead civilizations. Some historians and anthropologists have put forward the theory that, just as a person is born, grows in strength, reaches maturity and then declines to the point of death, so civilizations and empires go through similar stages of growth and decline.

The primary cause of this rise and fall of empires has always been war. Like the sons who inherit great wealth built up in a lifetime of work, frugality and resourcefulness by their father, a generation has appeared in each great empire and civilization that inherited and then squandered its wealth. The ideals and values which had made the nation great—and military efficiency was always considered one of the greatest—failed later to evoke a response. A love of pleasure and luxury in the ruling circles, a falling off of martial vigour and discipline and the spread of corruption and dishonesty in government led to poorer and perhaps oppressed nations launching their bid for the dominance of the world in so far as it was known in those days.

"The price of peace," it was said, "is eternal vigilance." This attitude of mind still has its supporters, but the mystery is, how can you maintain eternal vigilance at a time when weapons have developed to that point of destructiveness where to develop them any further confers an advantage neither on one side nor the other, because a condition has already been reached and passed where the only certain outcome of their employment will be universal destruction?

It is possible to grasp the difficulty in which governments find themselves intellectually. But it will obviously not be easy and will take much time for the process of mental and psychological readjustment, essential for the resolution of this difficulty, to progress to the stage when a sufficient number of people to swing the balance will be prepared to renounce war, not for the negative and unsatisfying reason that it is too destructive, but because they want and are determined to have the positive advantages of a world society living in peace and amity.

The meeting of the leaders of the Big Four, though it brought no simple solutions to the problems now preventing normal relations between them, helped in many ways to publicize some of the obvious advantages. The whole human race is raised in stature when the leaders of great nations meet together in a friendly and harmonious manner to discuss in frank and conciliatory language

their differing viewpoints on subjects of common interest. It is likewise degraded and shamed when the leaders of great nations engage at a distance in abuse, vilification and violent argument with one another and threaten one another with destruction.

The "supreme and heartening fact" of the Geneva conference, commented Randolph Churchill, writing in the *Evening Standard*, "is that all those on the Summit are gradually but inescapably adjusting their minds to the incomprehensible and hitherto unprecedented fact that war has now become impossible." Scientists and philosophers all over the world have done much in the last few years to convince those who still have doubts on this question. India's own particular contribution to ushering in the era of peace has been to demonstrate, in her relations with her Asian neighbours and all others, that there are no differences of culture or social system, no problems producing friction between different nations, that cannot be adjusted to the advantage of all concerned when all else is subordinated to the supreme task of laying the foundations of world peace.

SUNDER KABADI

TECHNOLOGY AND THE HUMANITIES

In *The Builders and the Books: Technical Assistance Lends a Hand to the Progress of the Middle East,* Unesco has produced a hopeful and encouraging brochure. For the approach described is partly through the schools—and the education of a nation's children on right lines is the sure way to national regeneration—and partly through teaching the people to help themselves. It is an inspiring account of how technical-assistance experts, through education and community undertakings, are working in a spirit of fraternity. The metamorphosis of "Chakha 11—Branch Canal 11," an obscure village in Iraq, reads like a fairy tale. Along parallel but varied lines the people of eight Middle East countries are being guided "towards the light," as a refugee near Beirut described the workers' efforts.

The spirit expressed by the Director of the Fundamental Education Centre at Sirs-el-Layyan in Egypt justifies Unesco in describing his Centre as "a school of applied humanism." He has summed up its objectives thus :—

> I believe that the religious spirit and the creative power of the artist and the poet are more important and, in the end, more effective in what we are trying to do here than technical skill. If you say you want to help people, it is wise to see them as they are, to understand them and, if you can, to love them, before you set out. You'll find people are not at all accustomed to such an approach....

It seems not surprising that the work of the international experts from Unesco and other institutions, always within the framework of a national regional programme, is pronounced by Unesco "by far the most effective and the most fertile help that can be brought to a country."

The attractive illustrations from the different countries add to the brochure's appeal.

E.M.H.

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[We publish here the second and concluding part of the study by **Professor A. Closs,** Head of the Department of German in the University of Bristol, which he delivered as a lecture at the London Branch of the Indian Institute of Culture on October 1st, 1954, under the chairmanship of Miss Ethel Beswick.—Ed.]

SUBSTANCE AND SYMBOL IN POETRY

II

Up-to-date expressions have now become popular. Out of disinclination for the rhetorical and mellifluous "tapestry diction" and for pontifical pathos (bound to idealized form), the most recent lyrical poetry purposely seeks to depoetize and widen its scope by methods of shock. It seems to venture boldly into the diction of provocative or colloquial speech by way of sensation or surprise: as in *The Age of Anxiety* by W. H. Auden (1947). And there are T. S. Eliot's *The Hollow Men* and *The Waste Land* with the theme of decay and death in the middle of the springtide of the earth. The monotony of modern jazz and its commonplaceness can be heard in the conscious repetition of sound and thought. The rhythm clearly drowns the melody. The poetic image is thus often shot through with a strange mixture of sublime and banal or acridly topical elements: psychoanalysis (particularly in Auden's work), social problems, clinical apparatus, etc.

Sometimes the poetic image is corroded to the core by the vitriol of morbid cynicism or by an irresponsible use of film technique. Apparently unconnected images are deliberately forced into an obscure unity. But the once unexpected does not wear well, *e.g.*, Lautréamont's "chance meeting, on a dissecting table, of a sewing-machine and an umbrella"—the *cliché* of Surrealism which is so stale now. In contrast to that sensational trick we think of Keats's "plot of beechen green, and shadows numberless" (in his "Ode to a Nightingale")—also an unexpected image which, however, still moves us profoundly not only because of, or, better, in spite of, its bold juxtaposition of the word "plot" and the poetical shadows followed by the adjective "numberless," but also because of the musical enchantment I spoke of in connection with the sound values of the word.

If verse is to be brutalized before it can be readable it does not follow that verse is great because it is crude or sentimental—though perhaps it is popular. Herbert Read in *Phases of English Poetry* (1928) rightly says:—

> There is no poetry in "Tipperary" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning"—there is only sentimentality. But it is just a possibility—and no more than a possibility—that the music-hall song and its allied form—music-hall pattern and revue libretto—contain the germ of a new popular poetry.

T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden must instinctively have felt this when they tried to bridge the gap between a hypercivilized, fastidious intelligence and the claims of the populace in a music hall.

We have already touched several times upon the question of imagery. This leads us to the fifth and most important function of the word: the poetical image and symbol. The interplay of soul and body is crystallized in it. Here sound and symbol become the instigators of the most inward movement: for example, Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale*:—

> ...daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty....

In the image lies the power of revealing a poetic experience (visual or other). I do not propose to classify all

kinds of images in this connection. Burke once wisely said, "Though no man can draw a stroke between the confines of night and day, yet light and darkness are upon the whole tolerably distinguishable. . . ."

The same applies to the poetic image. Through it the lyrical word transmutes the object: it is body, soul and spirit. As an individual picture it reaches at the same time into the depth of universal significance. It remains personal while so doing. Therefore Gundolf is in the wrong when he plays George against Wolfram and considers the vigil, the courage of the Templars, the Parsival-mood in the *Sayings and Songs* of Stefan George, as archetypal images of the powers of mediæval life; whilst he maintains that throughout the verses of Walther, Gottfried and Wolfram nowhere did a primal tone occur. George's images are often self-sufficient, timeless and unconnected abstractions devoid of the fullness of history. But the song must always be personal, even as a worker's song, a dance song or a marching song. It throws out wide circles just as does a stone, which in the water sends out circle after circle from one centre.

The image is the central point, the germinal cell, in the organism of a work of art, and is not to be divorced from its context or the life of a poem, *e.g.*, the image of the untended garden in Shakespeare's *Richard II*, or the image of the dagger (*Macbeth*) and the naked babe, the "uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor."

Some time after the appearance of Caroline Spurgeon's book, *Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us* (1935), in which most extensive statistics about Shakespeare's likes and dislikes, his acquaintance with nature, animals, etc., are displayed, W. H. Clemen published his important study, *The Development of Shakespeare's Imagery* (London, 1951), which goes to the root of the whole problem of imagery. W. H. Clemen shows how Shakespeare in his maturer plays uses imagery as a centre, an organic part of his creative work: "Every image, every metaphor gains full life and significance only from its context . . . it appears as a cell in the organism of the play."

It is the dramatic issues (not so much the playwright's individual sympathies) which decide the nature and use of the imagery. The latter takes on the function of dramatic unity, or a centrally organizing power which in effect has justly been compared to the classical unities of place, time and action; *cf.* the three groups of images: sea, war, love, through which Othello's character is revealed. In *King Lear* the images bring the powers of Nature, Heaven and Cosmos into action. *Lear* is very rich in imagery.

In contrast to Clemen, William Empson applies a different method in his *Structure of Complex Words*. According to him, the literary metaphors are essentially cognitive (not emotive). He concentrates his study on key words: "sense" in *Measure for Measure*, "honest" in *Othello*, "folly" in *Lear*, etc., and is thus also able to throw new light on great works of art.

Doubtless, the language of poetic imagery is difficult to analyze. The critic's often all too mechanical method of searching for the various grammatical categories and tricks of the trade does not reach the above central point and must remain on the periphery of the assessment of values. However carefully he endeavours to register all possible details, he will fail to touch the core of the matter.

This lies in the secret of inner form, which is symbolically reflected in the relationship between content and expression. We want to know how natural rhythm and metrical beat and imagery are adjusted to the subject-matter. This inner form is peculiar to each work of art and expresses the poet's vision which through word and rhythm is condensed into poetic images. The length of verse is no criterion of form, for Hölderlin's

vision of Hellas: *Archipelagus*, is as great as Goethe's lyrical jewel, "On the Lake."

The poetical picture must not be mistaken for the idea. Goethe warns us here with reference to his *Faust*, which must not be strung on the "meagre" thread of a single idea. Similarly Goethe contrasts sharply the personal concept of Tasso, "Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," with Tasso's general idea. Shelley in "A Defence of Poetry" mocks at the "owl-winged faculty of calculation."

But the question of ethics is by no means ruled out, particularly in view of the Psalms, Dante's *Divina Commedia*, Hölderlin's *Archipelagus*, and of other great hymns and odes. Macneice declared that "the good poet has a definite attitude to life; most good poets. . .have beliefs." This is a view very different from that of Oscar Wilde, who divorced the art of words from ethics and who could not accept criticism of style in terms of life and morality.

Poetic truth is not abstract or philosophic truth; it is the sublimation of our emotions or experiences to a powerfully formed vision which can claim permanence in a transient world. Ultimately, however, the poet stands as much above life as he is rooted in life.

The more revealing a poet's language, the more significant his intensity; the more original his imagery is, the deeper is our response to his poetic symbol and quality of incantation. The subject does count, but the poet does not express a dogma. He can talk about creative work, but enshrine it in the image of a clasp or a lamp: *cf.* Stefan George's "Clasp": "I planned it as an iron band," or Möricke's "On a Lamp," or Rodin's *Cathedral*: a torso, and two hands stretched upwards become a symbol of the cathedral. Thus the poet or artist in general can take up an apparently irrelevant theme or an insignificant, trite thing, yet produce a profounder poem or work of art than one who writes about the human relationship to God. Of course, there is a difference between a cauliflower and the head of Apollo, but all depends on the creative (not informative or philosophic) relationship to the things of this world in the fullest sense of the word.

The change of objects through form (as Schiller puts it) must of course be accompanied by concentrated feeling, in order to be able to reach from the surface into the depths. An object is more than shows itself to ordinary sight! Every poet (not only the Classical and the Romantic writer) reveals himself in his attitude to truth and reality. Blake is said to have confessed of himself: "Natural objects always did and now do weaken, deaden and obliterate imagination in me."

Rex Warner points to the symbolic speech of the world of double meanings in his introduction to Herman Melville's *Billy Budd and Other Stories*: for example, the bird: "the bright, inspiring chanticleer of ocean," or the faces of maidens in "Tartarus of Maids" in which old and young looks fuse; moreover, the juxtaposition of civilized society and original nature reflected in the tragic fate of Billy Budd.

W. H. Auden dedicates a whole work, *The Enchanted Flood,* to the study of this conflict. In this book a bundle of traditional associations is the subject-matter of a "Romantic Iconography of the Sea," where the world of double meanings is shown: (*a*) the sea is to him the symbol for the state of living barbarism and the primordial undifferentiated flux . . . the desert—lifeless, mechanized decadence; (*b*) the shell —symbol of imagination and poetic truth, truth of feeling; the stone—abstract geometry, truth of reason; in the latter lies the peril of sterile abstraction, in the former that of the chaotic anarchy; (*c*) the double-natured hero (the Flying Dutchman and Don Quixote).

Each of the above examples is rooted in a double existence. Above all, in

Melville is *Moby Dick,* which, though describing whale-hunting, at the same time symbolically offers a picture of human passions and existence.

In the book, *The Theme of Our Time* (1923), José Ortega y Gasset speaks about metaphoric expression as the most effective means of "depersonalization." He calls poetry the "higher algebra of metaphor."

Neither autobiography nor psychology but the poetic image is the most important thing, because the art of metaphor can purify man's personal feeling and sublimate it to an objective vision which is the touchstone of real culture. Uncultured life is barbarism, devitalized culture leads to Byzantinism.

At present, new theories and themes are coming to the fore: crowds, machines, town life, the atomic age, etc. But the ancient themes still preserve their symbolic value. Nature is the inexhaustible fount of primordial figures: storm and calm as symbols of the poet's state of inspiration, ecstasy and exhaustion; the fountain as a symbol of the life-giving force; light as a symbol of perfection (*cf.* the archangels' hymns in *Faust*); the serpent as a symbol of rejuvenation and of Christ (*cf. St. John* 3, 14: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up"; and, above all, the moon, the mountains and the flowers, especially the rose. In all these the essential question is how a thing (not what) has been expressed in poetry, *cf.* Rilke's image of the tree (symbol of pure existence) in his first sonnet to Orpheus, or his Christian symbol of the heart as the winepress in his eighth sonnet.

In Eckermann's *Conversations* (1824), Goethe speaks of the inner law of form. According to his statement, which is most illuminating, the context of his *Roman Elegies* would, in fact, sound "really wicked" if one wanted to put them into the verse form of Byron's *Don Juan.*

The individual image must not in itself remain self-sufficient or endeavour to appeal to the intellectual curiosity of the reader, but it must organically emerge from the poem's own life. The poem itself—as in the case of C. F. Meyer's "Caryatid" and "The Dying Medusa" or Henderlin's "Half of Life" or Goethe's "Wanderer's Evensong," "Over all the hilltops is peace,"—becomes a symbolic image. In Goethe's poem, for instance, the peace of the world is also a promise of his own peace.

But we must be honest: we cannot and will not ever fully fathom the depth of a work of art. The truly great poet creates from the centre of his being. His work of art is blossom and fruit; it is like Rilke's "Horn of Plenty" immeasurable, or, in Goethe's sense, "incommensurable," brimming over with superabundance but formed; the

> Horn a goddess carries on her shoulder,
> soaring pattern of divine excess;
> grown too mighty for a human holder,
> blown by human longing none the less....

A. Closs

They ask: "What is love?"
Say: "Renunciation of self."
Whoso has not escaped from will,
No will has he.

Jalalu'd-din Rumi (Shamsi Tabriz)

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————*ends of verse*
And sayings of philosophers."

HUDIBRAS

Anti-vivisectionists and humanitarians in every country must have read with deep disappointment the news that the Indian Government has lifted the ban on the export of monkeys as transport conditions have now improved. This tragic travesty of *Ahimsa* in the motherland of the Buddha and of Gandhiji may be defended in the name of scientific research and medical advance. Its opponents may be dismissed as superstitious and reactionary. But the law of moral compensation, rooted in divine compassion, cannot be flouted although its reality may be doubted and its workings may be mysteriously hidden from view.

Shri C. Rajagopalachari, former Governor-General of India, has never hesitated to champion worthy causes merely because they happen to be unpopular. He has voiced his strong protest against the export of monkeys for the purpose of vivisection, in *Harijan* (July 16, 1955, Ahmedabad), in the form of a poignant poem entitled "Vaanara Vilaap" or "The Lamentation of the Monkeys." Here are some extracts:—

If you are tired of your cousins dumb,
And you think our number robs you of your food,
Send us to lethal chambers
Or shoot us down among our jungle trees.
O give us sudden death, but do not make
Victims of us for tortures inconceivable,
More horrid than any disease
That man has earned by his various sins....

We cannot speak the tongues of men
But the gods do hear and understand....

Foul not the ancient river of faith
That waters still your land
And makes you worthy of some attention
In the world of armed and greedy men.
Think you the tears of these dumb cousins of yours
Have no power for a curse or that misfortune
Cannot touch you now that science has progressed?
Or that you can help the world
With knowledge got through execrable cruelty?...

Will the Indian Government respond to the appeal of a truly wise and great man who has become a voice of the conscience of his country?

The World Brotherhood Movement, founded in Paris at Unesco House in 1950, held its fifth yearly assembly at Brussels from July 11th to 15th under the chairmanship of Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel Prize physicist. The Movement consists of individuals "who seek to enlist the existing institutions of every country to include brotherhood among all men of goodwill in their educational goals." The programme of this Movement includes a study of the causes of the breakdown in human relations, training and moral motivation.

The Indian Institute of Culture, also dedicated to the ideal of human brotherhood, was represented at the Brussels Assembly by Miss E. Beswick, who writes:—

One notable characteristic of the Conference was the lack of the spirit of proselytizing. Another was the complete absence of condescension of one race to another or one class to another. Everyone was, without exception, an individual and respected as such. The Conference was therefore remarkably free from personality assertions, both in the public meetings and in the Commissions. It was a Conference where devotion to a Cause had superseded emotion.

One of the outstanding addresses delivered before the Conference was by Dr. Abba Hillel Silver of Cleveland, Ohio. He concluded with this message:—

Our religions urged men to be builders of bridges rather than of walls. Life abounds in numerous tragic chasms and gulfs which separate men, in deep rivers and their swift, dark currents. Men must learn to build bridges across them and they are more difficult to build than walls. Charity, compassion, sympathy, magnanimity, great-mindedness are such bridges. So is friendship; so is tolerance; so is brotherhood. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" is perhaps the noblest and most enduring of all bridges ever devised. "With malice towards none and with charity for all," is another bridge which an immortal American built across a river of blood and civil war.

Every earnest effort at international understanding and co-operation is a bridge leading to the Kingdom of God, to the good society. The League of Nations was such a bridge. It collapsed. Bridges often collapse and must be rebuilt. The United Nations is such a bridge. It is in danger of collapse. We must see to it that it does not collapse. War is never a bridge. At best it is a Bridge of Sighs leading men from doom to death.

The whole magnificent ethical message of our great historic faiths may be summed up in the symbol of walls and bridges.

A significant approach on the non-governmental level to mutual understanding between peoples is that of the Conference on Asian Affairs, Inc., of New York. It has a two-way objective, the promoting of American study of the peoples and nations of Asia and the bringing to Asians of an understanding of the basic democratic principles and traditions upon which the U.S.A. was founded. Wisely it has turned its attention first to the study of problems relating to the treatment and presentation of Asian affairs.

An important research activity mentioned in the "Review of Operations: 1954–55," a report to the Directors by the Executive Secretary of the Conference, Mr. Ward Morehouse, has been a study of course offerings on Asia in undergraduate and teacher education curricula. These are important not only for those receiving higher education but also for tomorrow's students in the primary and secondary schools, to whom the information and the attitudes resulting from such courses will be filtered down.

The Conference's preliminary study of organizational and institutional interest in Asian affairs is reported to have indicated a growing, if widely scattered, interest. It appeared, however, from informal discussion meetings held over a year ago that the belief was general that such organizations and educational institutions as were concerned with Asian affairs were laying more emphasis on political, social or commercial matters than on Asian cultures. This is doubtless a natural expression of the present imbalance between material and spiritual interests, which is not peculiar to America, but it is none the less unfortunate. The deeper bonds between peoples are forged by mutual understanding and appreciation of each other's cultures and ideals. These, like the trans-oceanic cables, are laid below the strains and frictions of cross-currents and of surface storms. Greater attention in the schools of the West in general to the Asian contribution to the science, literature, philosophical thought, music and art of the world should serve as a solvent of stereotyped concepts and pave the way to real *rapprochement* between East and West.

Shri N. Raghunatha Aiyar, Assistant Editor of *The Hindu*, presiding in Madras over the celebration of the sixty-third birthday of Srivatsa Somadeva Sarma, paid a tribute to the Pandit's contribution to the reorientation of the study of the ancient Hindu Puranas during the past thirty years. This meeting, reported in *The Hindu* (July 12, 1955), served to bring out the importance of Puranic literature, which is still minimized by more sophisticated Hindus who are well versed in the Shastras. We are happy to read Shri Raghunatha Aiyar's remark that "the more one studied the ancient Hindu Puranas the more did one realize that here was a storehouse of information that brought the greatest comfort to the human mind."

We must not overlook the debt we owe to a studious and painstaking scholar who passed away a few years ago—Shri V. R. Ramachandra Dikshithar. His study of *Some Aspects of Vayu Purana* and also his *The Matsya Purana—A Study* were reviewed in our pages for October 1933 and July 1935, respectively. He also wrote an excellent article in our issue of January 1943 on "The Puranas and the Theory of Human Evolution."

Those who are not fully familiar with the Puranas are apt to think that they contain merely tales, adventures and exploits of Divine Incarnations, Sages and Heroes. The Puranas are symbolical and allegorical treatises describing steps and stages in the evolution of the material form, the psychic nature and the consciousness or intelligence of not only the visible but also the invisible kingdoms. Today the philosophical value and profundity of the Upanishads are recognized. A thorough study of the Puranas will reveal some day how great was also the scientific knowledge of the old-world teachers.

There are in the world two great philosophical traditions: a Western tradition, which originated in Ancient Greece and developed to its maturity in Western Europe, and an Eastern tradition, which originated in Ancient India and spread thence throughout Eastern Asia. Though their origins lie so far back in human history, both of them are still full of vitality; and one of the most important tasks of the future will be to bring the two traditions together, for the mutual enrichment of both and for the benefit of all civilized mankind.

With these words Professor H. H. Price of Oxford begins his important article on "The Present Relation Between Eastern and Western Philosophy" in *The Hibbert Journal* (April 1955, London). He proceeds to show, with admirable lucidity and frankness, the difficulties that have to be overcome before a bridge can be built between these two traditions. The main obstacle is that the two systems of thought are distinguished, not by their doctrines, but by the very problems which these doctrines are intended to solve. While the Western philosopher's preoccupation is with epistemological and semantic issues, the Eastern philosopher is still mainly concerned with metaphysical and mystical matters.

Strictly, the contrast between contemporary thought in the East and the West is a historical rather than a geographical phenomenon. There have been a fine metaphysical tradition and a rich mystical tradition in Western philosophy. Equally, there have existed in Eastern philosophy a developed theory of logic and an elaborate treatment of the various modes of knowledge. Also, as Professor Price recognizes, there have been points of contact and periods of intercourse between the Eastern and the Western traditions in the past. Why, then, did the West anathematize metaphysics and relegate religious questions to a dark corner? And why did the East forget its own formal logic and neglect its epistemological texts? These are the two questions that need to be carefully considered by those who admit the reality and urgency of the problem set by Professor Price. The answer to both questions is perhaps to be found in the sin of smugness to which Easterners and Westerners equally fell prey but in different ways. The smugness of the latter was the result of the imperialism of popular science; the smugness of the former was the product of the illusion of general spirituality.

The logical positivist naively dismissed all metaphysics as meaningless and all mysticism as emotive nonsense. The Indian idealist piously threw a Vedantin veil over everything he came across and did not bother about anything else. Having arrived at this ridiculous *impasse*, the Eastern and the Western philosophers continue to be imprisoned by smugness. There are those who think that no bridge can be built. This position is held by the most

arrogant extremists on both sides. There are then those who feel that no bridge should be built as the two traditions are better off as they are, under a natural scheme of specialization and division of labour. Others argue that no bridge need be built as one can find every possible strand of doctrine in either tradition if only one searches enough. Finally, there are those superficial optimists who believe that a bridge has already been built or that the building has begun.

Compared to all these points of view, Professor Price's portrayal of the actual situation seems to be much more accurate and sensible. A bridge between the two philosophical traditions must and can be built, but the building has not yet begun. There are many difficulties in the way and some opponents to the task. There is a need for the deepening of the consciousness of the ordinary Western man. Secondly, the Western philosopher must widen his notion of experience so as to include the psychic and the religious and other realms of phenomena. Thirdly, he must consider what Eastern philosophers have to say about the problem raised by Kant and Hume concerning the empirical and the enduring aspects of the Self.

Professor Price does not offer any challenge to the Eastern man and to the Eastern philosopher. But, surely, they too have to equip themselves suitably and to help in the bridge-building. The Eastern man has yet to distinguish clearly and firmly between states of spiritual consciousness and psychic intoxication. The Eastern philosopher must discriminate between the factual and the illusory elements in all experience. He must also master the methods of logical analysis even if he rejects the metaphysics of logical positivism. This calls for earnest effort and the stifling of self-complacence. The bridge will take much time to build but we might well begin now.

While the utilitarian philosophies have tried to teach man how to attain happiness for himself and for his community, the religious systems have been used to reconcile their followers to personal and collective suffering. In the end the latter are seen to be more significant; happiness is elusive but suffering is inescapable. The Buddha came to this conclusion and proclaimed it as the first of his Four Noble Truths. He also pointed to the age-old remedy of freedom from attachments and selfish cravings.

This problem is taken up by *Manas* in an article entitled "In Case of Misfortune" (July 27, 1955, Los Angeles). It rightly suggests that "a philosophy which takes no serious account of misfortune is not a philosophy at all, but a collection of platitudes." This does not mean that there is no satisfactory alternative to the anguish of the Existentialist and the despair of the Nihilist. *Manas*, for instance, recommends the Stoic point of view of Marcus Aurelius, who said :—

> If thou art pained by any external thing, it is not this thing that disturbs thee, but thy own judgment about it. And it is in thy power to wipe out this judgment now. But if anything in thy own disposition gives thee pain, who hinders thee from correcting thy opinion? And even if thou art pained because thou art not doing some particular thing which seems to thee to be right, why dost thou not rather act than complain?

We regret to announce that Shri Raghavan N. Iyer is giving up his work as Associate Editor of this Journal, which is the organ of the Indian Institute of Culture. He wishes us to state that he will, however, continue to give his support and co-operation.